The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 1, 1920

MR. COX'S CHARGES

GOVERNOR COX, the Democratic Presidential candidate, has been repeating his charges concerning campaign contributions. In his Wheeling speech, the first after his speech of acceptance, he charged, as reported, that certain interests were banded together to buy the Presidency and that millions had been contributed to the campaign fund of the Republican party with sinister intent. In his subsequent speeches he has charged that a vast corruption fund is being gathered by financiers for use in the Republican campaign, that the Republicans are raising a fifteen-million-dollar campaign fund, and that a ring of corporations and "greedy interests" is contributing largely to this fund, etc.

Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, declared, as reported, that the Republican campaign fund would exceed thirty million dollars, adding that "such a sum could not be honestly expended."

Mr. Hays, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, has replied to Governor Cox and Mr. Roosevelt, as follows:

> Both of these men know that the Republican National Committee has adopted a plan, which I announced more than a year ago, for financing our campaign by a method of decentralized giving, securing small contributions from a great many, with a limit of one thousand dollars as a maximum for any contribution; that Mr. Harding had publicly approved the plan, and that the Committee had readopted it after he was nominated. . . .
>
> By reason of the enlarged electorate and the greatly increased cost of all things, we figure that there will be required a total of about three million dollars, an average of about ten cents per voter. . . . If this attempt should fail to produce the requisite sums, we shall so state publicly, increase the maximum, and seek additional contributions.

There has been no intimation, so far as we know, by either Mr. Cox or Mr. Roosevelt, that the Democrats have declined to receive the largest contributions possible. Mr. Hays said handsomely that no criticism of the Democrats for seeking the largest obtainable contributions would be offered. He added:

> Nor shall we, in resentful emulation of the positive charges of the Democratic candidates, so much as intimate that their responsible officers will use any part of their fund corruptly. Frankly and squarely, as between mutual respecting citizens, we don't believe they will, or would if they could.

If proof of corruption exists it is an absolute duty to expose it immediately, for that is a direct method of preserving faith in government. But no charge of corruption should be made in a political campaign without ample proof; for every such charge unproved tends to undermine faith in the soundness of government itself.

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GOVERNOR COX—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO WASHINGTON

GOVERNOR SMITH IS NOT ASLEEP

GOVERNOR SMITH has called an extraordinary session of the New York State Legislature for September 12, to formulate measures for the relief of the difficulties arising from the present shortage of dwellings. It is a real emergency which justifies this special session, and the Governor is to be commended for the action which he has taken.

There is another factor in this call, however, of political significance which we suspect that the Governor has not failed to observe.

The seats of five Socialists from New York City in the New York State Assembly are now vacant owing to the ouster proceedings conducted by Speaker Sweet, which have been fully reported in The Outlook. The Governor in his call for a special session says:

> Accompanying the proclamation for the extraordinary session I have issued a proclamation calling special elections on September 16, 1920, in the five large Assembly districts that would not be represented in the Assembly at the extraordinary session.
>
> I am unable to bring myself to the undemocratic way of thinking that five large Assembly districts, containing a population of approximately 250,000 people, in the congested portions of the counties wherein the unrepresented Assembly districts lie and vitally affected by the housing conditions, should be without representation in the Assembly.

In this the Governor has taken an absolutely sound position, and one which, as we have previously inferred, will not be without political importance. It will undoubtedly strengthen him immeasurably in New York City, the district which Governor Smith must carry by a large majority if he is again to overcome the Republican vote "up State." Perhaps Speaker Sweet and his allies will now see that they have committed a political blunder, even if they are not ready to admit that they violated the fundamental principles of American government. In the politician's category of crime the first is a greater offense than the second. In a Presidential year, in which the New York State vote will have such a tremendous influence upon the final result, Speaker Sweet's Bourbonism may weigh heavily in the scale of the National campaign.

WILLIAM BARNES WRITES A BOOK

MR. WILLIAM BARNES of Albany has written a book. We have not seen this book, but we learn from the New York "World" that it is entitled "Republicanism in 1920." The "World" also states that many subscriptions to aid in the publication of this volume, averaging at least a thousand dollars apiece, were gathered from men who have been regarded as intelligent leaders of the financial world. Exactly why these men contributed or for what purpose the money was to be applied has not yet been made clear. The Republican National Committee, however, has stated, according to the "World," that the persons who contributed to the publication of "Republicanism in 1920" were assisting a private undertaking and not the National party.

In its account of the publication of Mr. Barnes's volume the "World" quotes a letter sent by Senator Harding which will do much to alienate the progressive element in the Republican party. We publish this letter in full:

> *Hon. William Barnes, No. 20 East 48th Street, New York City.*
>
> My Dear Mr. Barnes: I am in receipt of your letter of recent date in which you outline your plans for the

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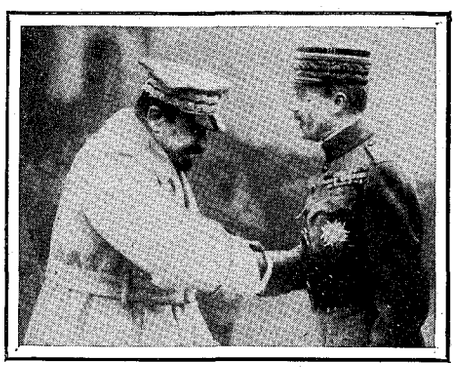
publication of a volume under the title of "Republicanism of 1920."

I do not hesitate to commend the undertaking, which contemplates the presentation of the real gospel of Republicanism. We need it in the party, and the country needs the party restored to power committed to the orthodox Republicanism which made us what we are, and it is essential to the fulfillment of a great American destiny.

I should be very glad to co-operate with you in any possible way to make the work a real success. If we can have the promulgation and distribution of wholesome doctrine, it will contribute a very effective part in restoring the party to power.

Wishing you success, I am, very truly yours, W. G. HARDING.

If Mr. Barnes is an authority on the "Republicanism of 1920," so much the worse for that Republicanism. If we were to suggest a title for Mr. Barnes's venture in literature, we would offer "The Republicanism of 10,000 B.C." The New York "World" has no need to cry, "Would that mine adversary had written a book!" He has.



Central News Service

GENERAL HALLER, OF POLAND, AND GENERAL WEYGAND, HIS COUNSELOR

WOMAN SUFFRAGE NEARLY OVER THE TOP

ON August 18, 1920, the lower house of the Tennessee Legislature passed the resolution ratifying the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution. As the upper house had already passed the resolution, the action of the lower house would have been final if it had not been for certain parliamentary and legal obstacles. As all but one of the necessary three-fourths of the States had ratified the Amendment, these obstacles alone prevented the Amendment from becoming a part of the Federal Constitution.

The Tennessee Legislature acted despite the State Constitution's provision that no legislature should act on an amendment to the Federal Constitution unless elected after the amendment had been submitted. Following a motion to reconsider the action it was discovered that thirty-seven anti-suffragist members, fearing another suffrage victory, had followed the example of Andrew Johnson's Tennessee "walkout" of 1841. They had crossed the State line into Alabama (where the Tennessee police could not force their attendance), thinking to prevent the gathering of a quorum and thus indefinitely to stop any legislative action except adjournment from day to day—or at least long enough to win the two votes from the ranks of the suffrage supporters needed to pass a motion to reconsider. Nevertheless, the members remaining defeated reconsideration.

But the anti-suffragists did not stop there. A judge of the Chancery Court of Davison County (in which the State capital is situated) issued a temporary writ of injunction restraining the Governor and Secretary of State of Tennessee from transmitting to the Federal Secretary of State at Washington a certification of ratification. The "antis" have now obtained an injunction enjoining the clerks of the two houses of the Legislature from making out such certification. Despite these precautions, the Governor has certified the ratification, and has sent the certification to Secretary Colby.

The anti-suffragists thus declare (1) that the ratification resolution was not legally passed; (2) that the motion to reconsider was defeated by less than a legal quorum; (3) that State officials have been enjoined against attempting to certify the ratification, and that the Federal Secretary of State will be; and (4) that the validity of the Legislature's action will be denied by the courts.

Until the action of the Legislature is confirmed by a legal certificate from the State of Tennessee to the United States, and the ratification of the Amendment by three-fourths of the States is proclaimed by the Federal Secretary of State, the Constitution remains unchanged.

POLAND

DURING the third week in August the Polish counter-offensive against the Russians developed into so large a movement that by the end of the week the Russian armies on almost the entire front were retreating in disorder.

It is impossible at this time to give a coherent and trustworthy account of the military movement which for the time at least prevented the capture of Warsaw and what threatened to be the complete defeat of Poland. When it is remembered that even the first Battle of the Marne was not generally fully understood until many weeks after it occurred, it is not surprising that the account of this engagement in the heart of Poland, which has been likened to the Battle of the Marne, should seem confused. Most of the reports come from Polish sources or sources friendly to Poland, and it is not impossible that Poland's victory may have been exaggerated. On the other hand, it is clear that the Bolsheviki have failed in their immediate purpose and are not in the position to dictate the terms that they would have liked to impose upon Poland.

Most of the Polish advance was made to the north and east of Warsaw; and, it is reported, the corridor between Poland and the Baltic Sea, where Russian troops had appeared, was shut off from the rest of the Russian forces, and virtually the entire fourth army of the Russians was isolated. Many thousands of Russians surrendered and were taken prisoners.

Poland's military success has had the effect of stiffening the British Government's attitude toward the Bolsheviki. After a conference between Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Great Britain, and Giolitti, Premier of Italy, a statement was issued representing the attitude of the Governments of these two countries. That statement condemned the attempt of Russia to insist that Poland's army should consist of a single class of the country—the workingmen. In that statement occurred these significant words:

> The government of Poland is based on the choice of the whole adult male population of the country without distinction of class, and the so-called civil army to be drawn from one class, which is referred to in the fourth condition of the Soviet terms, is only an indirect method of organizing a force to overthrow by violence the democratic constitution and substitute for it the despotism of a privileged few who may have absorbed the doctrines of Bolshevism.

The statement declared that if the Soviet Government refused to withdraw this sinister proposal, no free government could "acknowledge or deal with the Soviet oligarchy."

This part of the statement sounds much like the note that was issued by the American Government explaining why the so-called Soviet Government should be treated virtually as an outlaw. Mr. Lloyd George incidentally said to newspaper correspondents that the American

Press Illustrating Service

PRINCE CASIIMIR LUBOMIRSKI, THE FIRST MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES FROM POLAND, AND HIS WIFE

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note seemed to be inconsistent with President Wilson's acquiescence in the proposed conference with the Bolshevists at Prinkipo last year.

Further editorial comment on the Polish situation will be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE LATEST GERMAN VICTORY

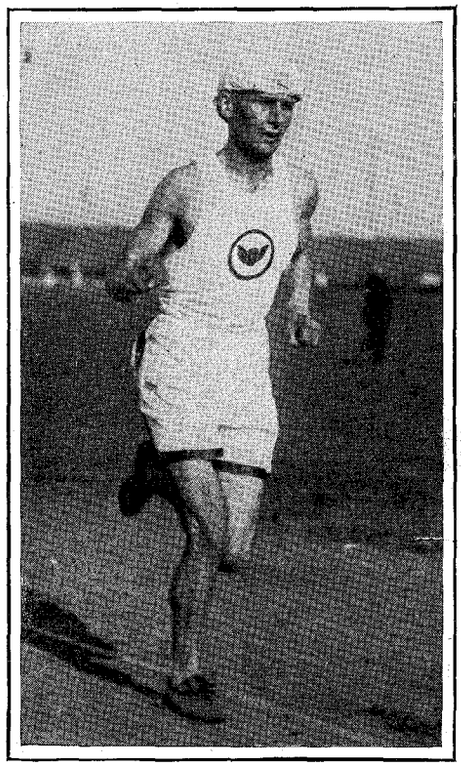
THE latest Boche victory is not in diplomacy or politics, such as has latterly repeatedly been won in getting easier terms under the Treaty of Versailles; it is economic. It means the return to active business of the Hamburg-American Line. The pledge for this statement comes from the American Government itself. Such news will be received with joy by the forty-odd thousand petty officers and seamen hanging about Hamburg for jobs. Engineers have been working on other than German ships there and deck officers have been actually acting as checkers on the piers and as watchmen on the ships, while cooks and stewards have been employed in the hotels throughout Germany.

A statement by the United States Shipping Board, as published in the daily newspapers, informs us that more than a year ago it concluded that the pre-war facilities, experience, and good will of the Hamburg-American Line, which before 1914 was the premier steamship company of the world, could be utilized to the general advantage of the American Merchant Marine; that after investigation it was decided that a combination of the Shipping Board and the Hamburg-American Line should reopen some of the trade routes formerly operated by the Hamburg interests, "in a purely American way," but that it would be better if an agreement were made between the Hamburg Line and a private company. Hence an agreement has been made between the United States Shipping Board, represented by the American Ship and Commerce Corporation, and the Hamburg-American Line, which now becomes the agent of the American corporation in Germany, the corporation to act in a similar capacity for the Hamburg Line here. Under the plan transatlantic passenger and freight services will be operated between New York and other American ports and Germany, and other services will be established by American ships between Germany and ports of the world other than the United States. Thus this country and this Government will directly aid Germany to obtain its old footing in the South American and other trades. Under cover of our flag, the powerful German trade agencies abroad are likely to be restored, despite the Shipping Board's rules that each line may establish its own offices in the other line's country or in the countries outside of the United States and Germany.

It will be interesting to see whether American enterprise will outdistance German enterprise in this direction. Mutual advantage will doubtless result from this co-operative arrangement. The question is as to who will ultimately prove to be the preponderating partner.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

THE track and field events of the seventh Olympia were concluded on August 23. America, it appears, won these events by a margin of 107 points.



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HANNES KOHLEMAINEN, OF FINLAND, WINNER OF THE MARATHON

Unofficial scores, as announced, give to the United States 212 points, Finland 105, Sweden 95, England 85, France 34, Italy 28, South Africa 24. Ten other competing countries won 10 or fewer points apiece.

In the course of the games American athletics broke three world's records and one Olympic record. They established world's records in the 400-meter hurdling race, the pole vault, and the 400-meter relay race, and an Olympic record in the running high jump.

Press despatches from Antwerp, Belgium, where these games were held, give most prominence to the field and track events, but the Olympic games are not confined by any means to these sports. Gymnastic contests, aquatic sports, rifle and pistol shooting, are also a part of the Olympic games. The official total of points of all the contests involved in the entire series of games has not yet been announced.

Portraits of two American record-breakers are to be found in "Current Events Illustrated" on another page.

THE HAGUE SPIRIT

IT looks as if some day we might have a real court of international justice.

Concerning the selection of judges for the proposed court, The Outlook has already reported the recommendations made by the Jurists' Advisory Committee, of which Elihu Root is a member. These judges would be chosen for a long period of years; the principle of permanence should foster the development of a strong judicial precedent, especially as decisions will be based, not upon adjustment and compromise, but solely upon law and fact.

Side by side with the problem of selecting the judges came the question as to whether a nation should or should not have a judge of its own nationality on the court whenever its interests were involved. It was finally decided that each party before the court should be represented by a judge of its own nationality.

As to the court's jurisdiction, it was evident that the court would be competent to decide all cases voluntarily brought to it. Beyond these, however, certain classes of cases by their very nature should be submitted to the court, cases in which the court should in any event have the right of judgment and compulsory adjudication. Four classes, it was decided, would call for obligatory arbitration—that is, the state complained against would be obliged to appear in court, failing which the court would be free to proceed with the hearing of the case and the handing down of the decision. These four classes are:

1. Disputes as to treaty interpretations.
2. Questions of international law.
3. Any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of any international obligation.
4. The extent and nature of the reparation to be made for such breach.

Then there came the problem of the law to be applied. Here again four categories were decided upon, to be applied in the following order:

1. Any international agreements.
2. Any international custom.
3. General principles of law recognized by civilized nations.
4. Judicial decisions or opinions common to the most eminent jurists of the different countries.

Another problem was the status before the court of countries not members of the League of Nations. It was decided that, for states like our own, invited to enter the League but not yet members,

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the court would be open on the same terms as to member states; for countries like Germany, however, which have not yet been asked to join the League, the court would be accessible but without giving full standing to such countries.

The cases before the court would have proper publicity. As soon as a case should come before it all League members would be notified. The arguments of both sides would be public. The court's deliberations would be private, but its decisions would be made in public session and immediately certified to all League members.

Such are the outstanding features of the new court as recommended by the jurists invited by the Council of the League of Nations to advise it. The recommendations were presented to the Council at its recent session at San Sebastian, Spain. They are in line with Mr. Root's recommendations, as Secretary of State, to the delegates to the second Hague Conference (1907), and perpetuate the spirit and accomplishments of that gathering.

THE BERGDOLLS AND MR. BAKER

THE OUTLOOK some time ago reported the capture of the notorious draft evader, Grover Cleveland Bergdoll. Readers of the daily press know that Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, after capture and sentence for desertion, was permitted by the War Department to go on a wild goose chase after hidden treasure. In the process of this chase Bergdoll escaped from his guards and has not since been recaptured. The colonel charged with the custody of this convict has been tried by court martial and exonerated. It appears that he put Bergdoll under the protection of two experienced sergeants and that this guard was considered sufficient by the military authorities. Since Grover Cleveland Bergdoll escaped, his brother, guilty of a like offense against the Government, has surrendered himself and been sentenced to four years' imprisonment. We shall await with interest the day upon which he is permitted to follow his brother's example and go in search of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

We await with more interest, however, an explanation from the Secretary of War as to the reasons why the War Department permitted his brother, who dishonors a great American name, to escape from the hands of the authorities. So far as we have seen, the name of the official responsible for granting this permission has not been made public, and no explanation of the leniency shown this notorious criminal has been vouchsafed. Is this not a statement which the War Department owes to the public?

In this connection it may be recorded that the War Department has recently announced that fewer than one per cent of the 24,000,000 men registered under the Selective Service Act during the war have been found chargeable with willful desertion. The names of some 170,000 men who deserted will shortly be published, and the War Department asks the co-operation of the various State and local officials, patriotic societies, and other agencies, including the Department of Justice, in bringing about the apprehension of these men. The War Department can stimulate public interest in this attempt and increase popular expectation of energy in the prosecution of these deserters by a brief announcement of the name of the man responsible for the release of Bergdoll and a statement as to the reprimand which he has received. How high up would this reprimand hit?

A NOTABLE ARTIST

ONE of the world's best-known painters and etchers is dead at the age of sixty years—Anders Leonhard Zorn.

At first he wanted to be a sculptor, and this early tendency is reflected in his

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

ANDERS ZORN—AN ETCHED SELF-PORTRAIT

avoidance of any flat appearance in his later canvases. He soon found water-color painting a more sympathetic medium than sculpture, however, and exhibited successfully in London. From this it was a natural gradation to oils, and his first picture in that medium was bought by that most prized of all purchasers, the Luxembourg Museum at Paris.

Zorn was distinguished in landscapes, but especially in figure and portrait work. He became a recognized master in depicting the nude of his native Sweden, the unconscious attitudes of his subjects a far remove from the sophisticated and studied poses of French models. His portraits challenged comparison with Watts's, Sargent's, Sorolla's, or any latter-day portraitist, in the artist's ability to characterize, in his directness of touch, and in his subordination of detail to salient features.

These qualities are quite as evident in his etchings as in his color work. Indeed, so great is the vigor of his etching that it seems fairly to have taken on the semblance of color.

PRACTICAL CHURCH UNION

AN interesting and practical illustration of the possibility of the union of Protestant Churches in Christian work without wasting any time in the discussion of creeds, rituals, or ecclesiastical organizations is furnished by the "Commission on Relations with France and Belgium of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America." In this work most of the leading Protestant churches in America and, we believe, all the Protestant churches in France and Belgium are united. The object of this Commission includes the repair of churches in the devastated area, the training of men and women for leadership in church work and social service, co-operation with Belgian and French churches in missionary work in French and Belgian colonies, immediate relief for impoverished pastors, the support and encouragement of Protestant schools and of French and Belgian hospitals, and the providing and circulation of Bibles and other Protestant publications. The American Commission has assured the French and Belgian committee that the American churches will contribute 6,000,000 francs to this work this year. This pledge ought to be made good. Any reader of The Outlook who wishes for further information on this subject can obtain it by addressing Mr. Alfred R. Kimball, Treasurer, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. We cannot easily conceive of any Christian work making a stronger appeal to Protestant churches for the encouragement and promotion of a free and rich spiritual life in the impoverished lands of our late Allies.

A RECENT AMERICAN PASSION PLAY

TO make impressive a dramatic performance in which the central figure nowhere appears before the audience is a difficult thing, yet this has been achieved during the last few weeks by the students and alumni of Canisius College, Buffalo, in their presentation of the Passion Play. The text used was originally written by Mr. Clay M. Greene, at one time associated with Mr. Belasco,

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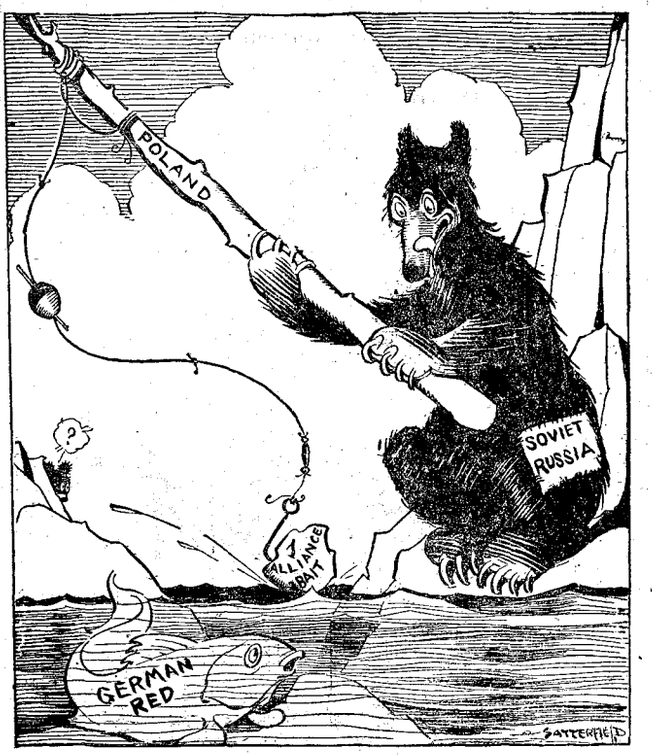
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser

SLEEPING SICKNESS

From Mrs. R. L. Faucett, Prattville, Alabama

Satterfield in the St. Augustine (Fla.) Record



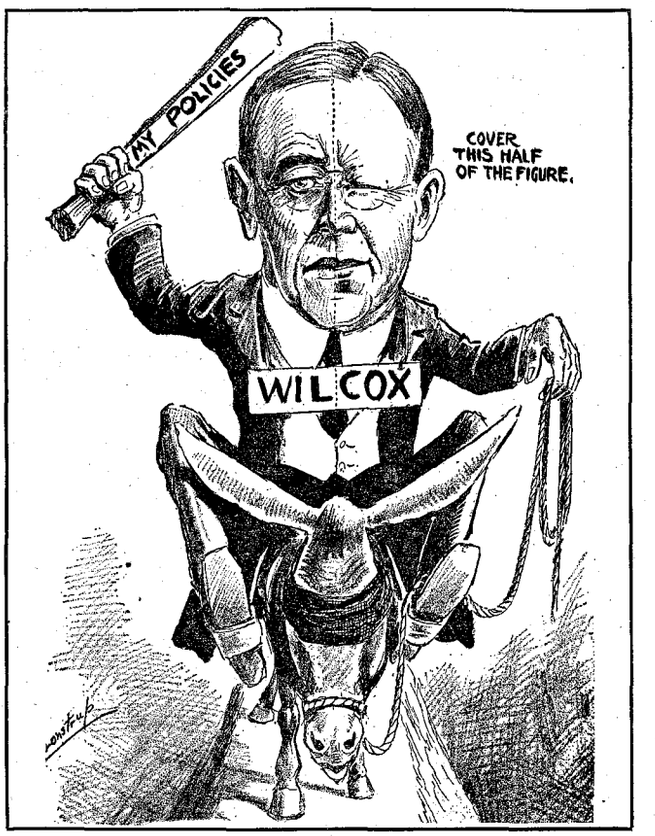
ANGLIN'?

From S. A. Osborne, St. Augustine, Florida

Pease in the Newark Evening News

HE'S WAITING FOR MORE DETAIL

Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle



FIND THE REAL DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

From W. L. Glenn, Berkeley, California

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PART OF A SCENE FROM THE PASSION PLAY—THE HIGH PRIESTS DEMAND THE LIFE OF CHRIST

for the University of Santa Clara, California, and since then presented twice in this country, in 1914 and 1917, in Buffalo. The recent performance under the direction of Mr. Eric Snowden, for years a member of Sir Herbert Tree's company, was given in the open air on an immense stage by several hundred actors, and these elements all helped to make its distinctive character that of a great spectacle.

But no mere pageant could have had the peculiar quality of those successive gorgeous stage pictures. Before the end of the second scene the spectator suddenly found himself thinking, "This is no play that I am looking at—this is a mediæval illuminated copy of the Gospels." There was the same gleaming and sharp contrast of color, the intensely devotional spirit that lifts the old pictures of the monks into a sort of rarefied atmosphere, the same static effect of large groups held in delicate but inexorable symmetry. The balanced arrangement of the stage itself was the basis of this impression. At extreme right and left rose a high dais reached by broad white steps and surmounted by a golden Roman chair flanked by two slender ebony pedestals. Between each dais and the wide proscenium one caught through a rounded gray stucco arch a glimpse of the bright awnings of an Oriental street. The action, almost continuous, was evenly apportioned among these settings, the most important parts of course taking place within the proscenium in the center.

It has been said that the figure of Christ nowhere appeared before the audience. By various means, however, his occasional presence was shown—a light shining behind an interposing crowd, shadows of palm branches cast on white house fronts, and shouts of Hosannah rising to the windows of the council chamber where one could see Caiaphas and the Jewish elders watching the triumphal procession in the street below. And, finally, with tremendous effect the upper part of a massive cross rising and sinking amid glittering Roman spear-points passes slowly behind a garden wall within which crouch the horror-stricken disciples. In a most vivid sense, however, the central figure was continually present—in the prominence of his followers.

It is hard in such a presentation to measure the work of individuals. Most of the cast reflected excellent training in a smoothness and continuity of acting unusual among amateurs, and several showed real originality of conception. But in retrospect single figures are lost in the memory of brilliant masses. One left this performance of the Passion Play with the lasting impression that an old manuscript, precious through its jewel-like illustrations, had been slowly unrolled before one's eyes.

TRAVELING FAIRS

THE end of the present summer marks the inauguration of a new enterprise started by Italy, the Fiera Navigante, or Sea-Traveling Fair.

For Italy the development and extension of foreign markets is a necessity. Hence a group of Italian merchants recently developed a plan for a commercial crusade. They proposed to load a ship with samples of their wares, taking them to Tunis, Algiers, Tangier, Lisbon, Barcelona, Marseilles, and so home—a voyage of about 2,700 miles. The buyers and merchants at each of these ports, and in the hinterland, will be asked to come aboard and inspect the goods shown. Sales from these samples are to be reported back by wireless. The price of a passenger's ticket is 5,000 lire—about a thousand dollars to an Italian, but to an American $250 at present rates of exchange.

The Italian Government gave its sanction to the plan, and the King put it on a practical basis by donating the royal yacht Trinacria (the Greek name for Sicily), a commodious vessel of 9,000 tons. All parts of it are utilized for exhibition purposes; each exhibitor may reserve one or more cubic spaces. The products must come in boxes not above certain dimensions. For those products exceeding ordinary dimensions, like motors and other machines, motion pictures on board will tell the story. The yacht is now ready to leave.

America proposes to try the same thing on a larger scale. On August 6 the Shipping Board sold the old Kronprinz of the North German Lloyd to a syndicate of merchants and promoters for a similar use to that which the Italians are going to use the Trinacria, "movies" included. But instead of the more modest Italian voyage, the Kronprinz under a new name will visit no less than forty countries, the trip occupying eleven months of

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1921. The price of a passenger's ticket, it is said, will be $10,000.

As in Italy, so here the enterprise has the Government's sanction. The project is specially timely in view of our establishment of a great mercantile marine fleet. Of what use would that be if we had not markets?

THE WEALTH OF SWITZERLAND

It was recently announced that Germany had by treaty agreed to deliver forty thousand tons of coal a month to Switzerland. This is remarkable at a time when Germany complains that she cannot deliver coal to France, as she has sworn by treaty to do. But why should Switzerland buy coal? Her area is but half the size of the State of Maine, and yet in her small domain there are water-power resources of no less than 2,700,000 horse-power—enough to run all her trains, turn every factory wheel, light and heat all her houses, and perform every other electrical function. According to information furnished in connection with the borrowing here at 8 per cent of $25,000,000 by the Swiss Government, the Swiss are likely to do all these things in the near future, and thus to become the first country to equip all its public services with electricity.

The proceeds of this particular loan are to be used in the United States in preparing for the electrification of the Government railway system of Switzerland. The utilization of water power will effect large economies by substituting hydroelectric power for the fuel which Switzerland now has to buy at exorbitant rates. Incidentally it may be stated that the Swiss railways owned by the Government have had an excellent record; in normal years they have shown a substantial profit in excess of the annual requirements for interest and sinking funds.

Indeed, all Government operations in Switzerland have enjoyed high financial credit, as is proper when we consider that Switzerland, the oldest and yet most progressive of Republics, has for over six hundred years enjoyed the respect of the whole civilized world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

Under this heading, there appears elsewhere in this issue a column of personal information about the authors of contributed articles in this issue. This column will hereafter be a regular feature. At times it will wrest the mask of modesty from the shrinking author. But it is agreed at the outset that the column will not be "blurbily" conducted. With what neat euphony and merry splash it was that some wag dropped that word "blurb" into the vocabulary!

WHERE POLAND STANDS

Once more America finds her own liberty made safer by the bravery of a small European country. Six years ago it was Belgium. To-day it is Poland.

While the Poles, ill armed, ill fed, and ill governed, have been resisting, with despair succeeded by hope, the invasion of the Russian troops directed by a Bolshevist government, we Americans are living in the same sense of security that we had in 1914 when the Belgians were resisting the invasion of the German troops. If Belgium by some miracle had then succeeded in driving those German troops back into German territory and had been able to go on and occupy Berlin, we should have been spared, together with the rest of the world, unmeasured pain and loss. Can we imagine, under such circumstances, the British Government protesting that it had no intention of aiding Belgium? Can we imagine an American Government lecturing Belgium on the advisability of keeping well within her ethnographic frontier? Yet now, when Poland stands in much the same position as Belgium stood in 1914, resisting a despotism as relentless and unscrupulous as that of William the Second, the British Government proclaims that it does not intend to lift a hand in aid of Poland, and the American Government warns Poland that she must not go beyond the imaginary lines that are supposed to distinguish the true home of the Poles from the home of their near relations.

In spite of Polish victories which have driven the Bolshevist invaders back, the security of the Polish barrier, which separates Bolshevist Russia from Pan-Germanist Germany, is by no means assured. If the Poles had been fighting only those who are distinctly Bolshevist, their task would have been heavy enough; but the Poles have not been fighting a purely Bolshevist army. The Russian troops that have been engaged in the attempt to crush Poland have been fighting, not only under the red flag of Bolshevism, but under the three-colored flag of nationalist Russia.

The Bolshevist leaders would not have lasted in Russia as long as they have if they had had to depend solely upon those who were loyal to purely Bolshevist doctrines. The Bolshevist leaders have shown their skill by using in the furtherance of their own schemes the Russian peasants' religious devotion and the Russian people's patriotism. The fact that the Bolsheviki are in theory and in purpose hostile both to religion and to patriotism does not prevent their using those forces for their own ends. It so happened that when the Poles inexpertly entered Russian territory in order to forestall the forthcoming avowed Bolshevist invasion, there arose in Russia a call to the orthodox of the Russian Church to defend their religion against the onslaught of the Polish Roman Catholics.

As far as the purpose of the leaders of Russia is concerned, the war is a Bolshevist war upon the present social order and an attempt to find union with Germany for the sake of exploding Europe; but as far as thousands upon thousands of those in the Russian army are concerned, the war is a war between the Slavs of the Eastern Church against the Slavs of the Western Church.

Moreover, the ancient desire of Russia for Constantinople survives the old régime. That is not and never was a merely commercial desire. It is also religious. That branch of the Eastern Church which is known as the Russian Orthodox regards itself as the true inheritor of the holy city of Constantinople, which once rivaled Rome as the ecclesiastical center of Christendom. The recent news that the Bolsheviki have found a way through Armenia to contact with the Turkish nationalists indicates not only the great danger of an alliance between Bolshevism and Mohammedanism, but even more the chance for a reawakening of the religious desire of the Russian common people for the recovery of Constantinople to the Eastern Church.

It is a strange group of conflicting interests, conflicting passions, conflicting doctrines, that seems to be working toward an alliance to a common end. Bolshevism is seeking a junction with Germany for the sake of making Germany Bolshevist. Germany is seeking a junction with Russia for the sake of making Russia a treasure-house for Germany. Russian peasants, naturally anti-Bolshevist, are lending themselves in a measure to the Bolshevist aim by trying to beat down the Polish barrier because the Poles are Roman Catholics. Bolshevist Russia is seeking a union with the Turks in order to make a common cause against the free nations of Europe. Turkey is seeking a union with Bolshevism for the sake of releasing herself from the restraints imposed upon her after defeat. Anti-Bolshevist and anti-Mohammedan people of Russia are lending themselves to this plan because by this means access may be open to the ancient seat of their church.

No greater danger to the free peoples of the world could be conceived than a union of Russia, Germany, and Islam, and at present one of the chief physical obstacles to that union is a free and independent Poland.

Obviously, the Poles cannot stand against both Russia and Germany, and unless Poland is supported by the free peoples of the earth she will either have

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to lose her independence or else buy it from Russia or Germany. That, we may guess, is what Pilsudski, Poland's President, may have been planning all this time to do. There are many Poles, themselves not pro-German, who would not hesitate to make any arrangement with Germany that would insure Poland's independence. The pressure on Poland, therefore, is not only from each side, but also from within. England refuses to lift a finger to help her, and America now lifts a finger only to shake it at her.

This is the situation in Eastern Europe to-day, and it will continue to be the situation whatever concessions Poland may secure from the Soviet Government at Moscow. The League of Nations, which was offered to Poland, as well as France, in the place of a secure military frontier, has proved powerless to help Poland. It seems to us idle in the face of these facts to talk about Polish imperialism. The only imperialism which the world has to fear is that against which Poland is one of the world's necessary defenses.

A VICE-PRESIDENTIAL DISAPPOINTMENT

WHEN Mr. Franklin Roosevelt was nominated for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket, there were many both within and without his party who believed that his nomination was politically wise and justified by his record.

The Outlook has no desire to retract anything which it has said concerning Mr. Roosevelt's splendid achievements as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the war. That record is a completed book, and one of which any man might be proud to be the author.

We are beginning to wonder, however, whether the attainment of the nomination for the Vice-Presidency has steadied the judgment of the ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In his campaign speeches, as reported by the daily press, Mr. Roosevelt certainly does not appear to advantage.

He has joined Governor Cox in loose charges that the Republicans intended to buy the election by the use of huge campaign funds. We have seen no adequate proof of these charges.

And now Mr. Roosevelt has uttered, according to despatches from Butte, Montana, the following defense of the League plan:

> The Republicans are playing a shell game on the American people; they are still busy circulating the story that England has six votes to America's one.
>
> It is just the other way. As a matter of fact, the United States has about twelve votes in the assembly. Until last week I had two of them myself, and now Secretary Daniels has them. You know, I have had something to do with the running of a couple of little republics. Facts are that I wrote Haiti's constitution myself, and, if I do say it, I think it a pretty good constitution.

Mr. Roosevelt refers in his statement to Haiti, San Domingo, Panama, Cuba, and certain other Central and South American countries not easily identifiable. We can imagine fewer statements coming from a responsible public man better calculated to arouse hostility among our southern neighbors, or more surely calculated to destroy faith in America's disinterested desire to aid the smaller republics of the western hemisphere.

AN IMPORTANT ISSUE

> Have just finished reading the editorial, "An Important Issue," and somehow feel that you have sidestepped a real issue and presented one not real. B.
>
> I am not sure that I would not rather trust the liberties of the country in the hands of a President than in a knot of Senators. H.

THE question whether we will give our sanction to the claim of the President, indorsed by the Democratic party and by its Presidential candidate, Mr. Cox, that the President has power to control our foreign affairs "absolutely" is probably the most important issue in the present election.

In a country possessing representative government it is the function of the legislative body to decide what the Nation shall do; it is the business of the Executive to do what the legislative body has directed. In Roman history the powers of the Senate gradually passed over to the Emperor; and the Roman government became an absolute despotism. In English history the power of the King gradually passed over to the House of Commons; the King still nominally appoints the Prime Minister; but he now always appoints as Prime Minister one who has been selected by the party in control in the House of Commons; and England has become probably the most democratic country on the globe—in some important respects more democratic than America.

The election of Mr. Cox, nominated by the influence of Tammany Hall politicians, and pledged to continue the foreign policy of Mr. Wilson, means another step toward the Roman goal. The election of Mr. Harding, nominated by the influence of a Senate committee and pledged to carry on the Government in harmony with the Senate, is another step toward the English goal.

The next step which the Nation takes in this election may be more important in its influence on the destiny of America and on the well-being of the world than the determination of the question on what terms and conditions and with what limitations and reservations it will enter into fellowship with other nations.

THE OTHER FELLOW

"WHAT slaves we are to form and convention!" exclaimed the Young-Old Philosopher, stopping in to call again the other morning. "Here it is midsummer, yet I see men walking the streets—those streets that are like bakers' ovens—with waistcoats tightly buttoned, and suits of wool, when they might go vestless and in linen or crash."

"But we're all afraid of the other fellow," we answered, hoping to make out a tiny case for poor humanity.

"And why?" he asked. "What is it that makes us foolishly timorous? The young girl who, in August, persists in wearing a fur-piece about her throat, fears, I suppose, that if she leaves it off her neighbors will think her suddenly impoverished. Is there no common sense left among us?

"Alas!" he went on, for I could say nothing, knowing how right he was, "we toil and spin through a certain number of hours each day, losing, in our mad rush for the almighty dollar, those spiritual contacts so necessary to our development. When the week-end comes, we dash, most of us, to some crowded beach—because the other fellow leads the way!—and broil and burn in the sun when we might be in a quieter place, cool and comfortable. I have seen people faint in railway stations in their wild pursuit of pleasure, so called, and I have pitied the lack of imagination that dares to name a sheep-like waiting in line for a ticket a form of joy. The lack of privacy in such proceedings is only one of its many discomforts; and the shocking pushing and shoving of an otherwise normal mortal has often made me wonder about our natural instincts. To have some regard for one's neighbor—that seems to me one of the fundamental principles in all ethical teaching; but the only regard we have, nowadays, is a fear of what the other fellow will think of us unless we go here and there, along with him, in desperately beaten tracks, too pitifully foolish to follow our own impulses.

"To appear very busy—about nothing—that seems to be the desideratum of your average man. To take a charming house in the country, and then instantly to motor away from it; to leave its velvet lawns, and green, refreshing trees, for the crowded highways where the sun beats down and the murmur of other madmen's whirring is loud in the land—that is what thousands of Americans do every year. They will fill their country drawing-rooms with any kind of folk in order to make an impression on Mrs. So-and-so, down the lane, who perhaps has been able to corral only four guests, while they (chuckles of delight!) have ten. I have

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even known them to forget the names of some of these invited professional entertainers from town. And they may never see them again; for there are professional guests in our much-vaunted civilization, just as there are professional hosts. One group breeds the other, you see—a natural progression; and, the process once started, there seems to be no stopping it.

"Pitiful? Of course. To stay in town for the summer, even if one cannot afford to go away—unthinkable! What would the other fellow say!

"And there it is in a nutshell—the other fellow, eternally; a fear of him and his stupid opinions. For he is the kind who would forget, since he has no more brains than you, as soon as he turned the next corner, whether the shutters were up at your abode or not. And why should you care what he thinks, anyhow! You are the other fellow to some one; and you know, as well as I do, how little you amount to!"

With which polite statement the Young-Old Philosopher took his leave, a smile upon his lips.

SHORE LEAVE

LAST week some five thousand "gobs," from the American fleet that is now in the harbor, visited New York City every day.

"You can buy the movies and the theaters, but you can't buy a home." So said one of them.

"Gee! We had a glorious time last night," said another.

"What was the play?" he was asked.

"Why, we didn't go to the theater at all. It was too wonderful where we were. Mrs. —— asked whether we wanted to go to the theater or stay where we were, and we all wanted to stay."

Sixty per cent of the present gobs are younger than has hitherto been the case. They come from afar, for the most part from Western and Southern homes—little country towns. While they are waiting for their ships or when the ships come back the boys are given shore liberty.

Movies are surely interesting; but after the movies, what next?

It is right there where something good should face something bad. It is right there where those who stand for the "something good" should realize the need of these boys for absorbing recreation and yet their need to have the nearest thing possible to home. What better influence can they have than a club which they can call their own, where they have their own committees to make house rules; a club paid for by the members and free from all unnecessary restraint and regulation; a club to provide home environment with sleeping and canteen facilities for men on liberty; a refuge from the street; a safeguard against disease; a place providing beds and meals at reasonable prices; a headquarters for men where they can find their mail, meet their friends, ascertain what is going on, even to which they can bring their troubles?—in other words, a kind of repair shop and home.

Accordingly in July, 1917, the Navy Club was started for the enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps. A floor of an office building on Fifth Avenue was taken. The crowd grew. Eight hundred to three thousand men came in every day. So another floor was taken.

There was never any drunkenness there. There was no disorderly element.

When the war came to an end, officers of the Navy were asked: "Is it your wish that the Navy Club go on?" Their opinion was voiced by Captain Robinson: "There have been hundreds and hundreds of boys saved right here. You don't know it. They don't know it. Their mothers will never know it. But we officers know it *must* go on, for the sake of our boys and the Navy."

Housing was then found at 13–15 East Forty-first Street.

The present activity of the Club has been concentrated on the visit of the fleet, so that not one boy will have to walk the streets at night if it can be prevented. And that to him means not only having a comfortable bed to sleep in but protection to his health and morals.

Who is not moved to help the Navy Club in its $700,000 "drive" for building and endowment purposes? Its revenue from its canteen and dormitories and dues covers most of its running expenses, but it needs adequate and permanent headquarters. It has cared for over eight hundred thousand men. Who will not be moved to send some check, no matter how small, to the Club's treasurer, Edward C. Delafield, Navy Club, 13–15 East Forty-first Street, New York City?

HOME COOKING IN THE NAVY CLUB

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KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CONCERNING HAIR SHIRTS

IN my reading this morning I came upon the following story of the conversion of Jacopone da Todi, a Franciscan monk of the thirteenth century:

> The story is that Jacopone's young wife, whom he passionately loved, was fatally injured by the collapse of a platform at a marriage feast. She was magnificently dressed, as he wished her always to be, but when her splendid robes were taken off for treatment, or in preparation for the grave, it was found that this fair young woman wore a hair shirt. She had taught him his lesson—the vanity of all earthly things—and henceforth he essayed to conform his life to it.

Formerly hair shirts were worn as a voluntary act of self-sacrifice and were regarded as a symbol and an expression of peculiar sanctity. We still wear them, but now they are imposed on us, not chosen by us. They still indicate "the vanity of all earthly things," but they no longer indicate the sanctity of the wearer.

The same article which told this story of his bride gave from Jacopone's recently published biography a picture of the fashionable society of his time. Jacopone tells how the fine ladies "decked themselves bravely to allure the eyes of all men—with adornments which were the merest 'make up.'"

> They wore high heels, like the "donne contigiate" of Cacciaguida, and hid them with trailing robes; they rouged if they were pale, and used washes if they were dark—to the damnation of many. The rich bands of hair upon their heads never grew there. They polish their faces with pomades; they shape their noses. They say they do it all for their husbands. They do not. It is to attract others, or to "show off" and crush rivals with superior splendor and perhaps with poisonous words.

This reads very much like a picture of modern "high society." Fashion is the same cruel and mocking mistress in all ages of the world. The fine dresses vary infinitely, but beneath them is worn the same hair shirt. Thackeray with no gentle hand in "Vanity Fair" tears off the disguising robes from the masqueraders; Maria Edgeworth, more preacher than artist, discloses the hair shirt beneath the fine dresses that she may point the moral; Jane Austen gently disarranges the concealing garments just enough to give us a glimpse of the hair shirt which they cover.

Must we then discard all beauties, all flowers and jewels, all silks and satins, and go in drabs and grays? No! I suspect the Quaker ladies sometimes wore hair shirts under their drabs and grays. Beauty in garments worn to gratify the love of beauty may be as legitimate as beauty in paintings, sculpture, or architecture. But beneath beautiful garments worn "to show off and crush rivals with superior splendor" there is, I suspect, always a hair shirt.

A multi-millionaire once said to me, "Dr. Abbott, you doubtless have observed that millionaires rarely laugh." I had not observed that fact, for I have not any such acquaintance with millionaires as would have enabled me to observe it. He himself was a merry soul, who had a contagious laugh, and his principal care when I knew him was to get rid of his superfluous wealth in such a way as would do the least evil to society and the greatest good to the greatest number. To do good and not harm by gifts of money is no easy task.

But I have known enough of successful business men to be quite sure that the hair shirt is a more common garment than most of us suppose. We hear a good deal of profiteers, and doubtless there are Shylocks willing to coin money out of their neighbor's misfortune. But to one such profiteer there are, I am sure, scores of captains of industry who during the past six years have been hard at work by day and lying awake by night, perplexed if not tormented by the problem how they can so adjust their business to the constantly changing business conditions as to involve the least possible damage to the employees who are dependent upon them for their livelihood. Crœsus has not the lazy and luxurious time which so many attribute to him. The strongest argument for the democracy of industry is not that it would divide more evenly the rewards of industry, but that it would divide more evenly the heavy responsibilities of wealth.

If there is any profession which might be thought immune from the necessity of wearing a hair shirt it would be that of the ministry; but it is a garment that is often worn beneath the preacher's frock coat.

A young man graduates from college at twenty-two. If he goes into medicine, law, or engineering, he must devote three or four years to professional study and three or four more to apprentice work in his profession before he can earn enough to support a family. He will be fortunate if he can marry before he is thirty years of age. And unless his father can support him during this prolonged preparatory period, he must beg, borrow, or earn money for his support and for an expensive education.

But if he goes into the ministry the theological seminary will give him his three years of professional education, and it is not improbable that some educational society or some benevolent friend will provide the necessary funds for his support. At the end of the three years he will find a parish which will insure him, not perhaps a comfortable support, but a possible livelihood. He can marry at once and get a home and be reasonably sure of a position in the community. As a lawyer or a doctor he will have to earn public respect; as a minister it will be accorded to him.

But he will find in his profession a hair shirt which he will wear but his congregation will not see.

Not merely will his income be too small to provide for his reasonable desires for himself and his loved ones, not merely will his opportunity for a change to a larger field and a better salary probably be denied to him, not only will he not improbably find himself with few or no literary or scholarly companions in his parish and he himself shut out by an invisible and impenetrable wall from congenial companions who are in the community but not in his church, not only will his profession, if he is conscientious, impel him to be the friend of the ignorant, the uncultured, and the uncongenial, but he will have experiences in his church which will lead him at times to say to his wife, My dear, I sometimes think that the Lord's patience must be more tried by the saints than by the sinners. He will find in his church a doubting Thomas who is determined not to believe; an ambitious James and John more eager to see what they can get out of their church connections than what service they can render; an impulsive but unreliable Peter, eager in professions of loyalty but hesitating and timid in practice; and not impossibly a highly influential Judas who is ready to sell out his principles if he can get a good price for them. He will get more compliments for his sermons than evidences of a changed life, and he will want evidences of a changed life, not compliments. Often he will say of his hearers what Jesus said to his hearers, "Why is it that ye do not understand?" And sometimes he will wonder, as Jesus sometimes wondered, whether there is any faith on the earth. In short, he will often be called upon, like Ezekiel, to preach to a valley of dry bones, but, unlike Ezekiel, he will get from the dry bones no response to his preaching.

I suspect that we all have to wear at times a hair shirt, and that the problem for us is, not how to get rid of it, but how to make it minister to our humility, our patience, and our human sympathy with others who, unknown to us, are wearing a similar garment.

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SUNDAY NIGHT

BY MARY LATHROP GOSSE

'WAY back in Vermont, on the farm, wasn't it good to shove the chairs a little closer to the big fireplace, along in October, when the woods were all painted reds and yellows and soft browns—and we had the chores done, and had been to church in the morning, and the neighbors that had just taken the Brown house with the story and a half and an ell walked across the meadow and dropped in to talk a while, and mother said, "Just you stay to Sunday night supper!"

Do you remember what there was in the big iron kettle on the back of the stove in the kitchen—the kitchen that would hold half the houses nowadays? Oh, but it was good, Sunday night—corn meal mush, and lots of it. And there was a blue pitcher full of milk, so rich with cream it was almost as yellow as the leaves that rustled against the east window. And gingerbread—the old-fashioned sort, made of sour milk and just a little mite heavy, because father liked it that way; and a pan of rosy fall apples, not a basket, just a lovely shiny tin pan, and the white bowls, and great-grandmother's solid silver spoons that "came over."

And everybody talked a little. About the minister's sermon that was just a "bit harsh," or the choir that wasn't quite up to mark because the regular soprano had gone down to Boston to see her cousins who had come on a visit from Illinois, and the supply did "real well, considering"—and how the new fashion of having a choir wasn't so sort of dignified as "congregation singing," and the organ did get out of fix.

About the weather outlook, hard winter predicted; and the doings in Washington, where it looked as if some of the men were trying to set themselves up above the rest of us. Never do at all. This was a real democracy, we allowed; and just about the time when politics threatened to divert the conversation from topics then considered more proper for Sunday night, mother comes back from the kitchen with half a pumpkin pie, to tempt the guests who were a little new to our country hamlet ways.

How that mush did hold out, and how mellow those apples felt! And sister had to explain that she never got any lumps in the mush when she made it because she sifted in the meal before the water quite boiled; while on our side of the fireplace there was nursed an idea that the vigorous stirring given by the boy from the village by way of "not being in the way" helped a lot.

Then somebody carried out the bowls on the great tin—no "japanned"—tea tray, and father opened the melodeon for a little "sing." Sister played, and of course "the boy" helped find the places and hold the book open, and he sang a nice second to the pretty soprano notes in the lead, while the others "chimed in," some in tune and some in triumphant discord.

The new young neighbors went home early, as they should, and "the boy" didn't stay long; just talked over the afternoon walk through the maple woods, and planned for another next Sunday. In the old red brick farmhouse where generations of children had satisfied hungry appetites on Sunday night mush and milk and gingerbread, the youngsters dreamed of adventure, and the elders turned in contentment to their beds, welcoming sleep to fit them for the week of work ahead.

Simplicity, sincerity, nobility in unexpected places, high hopes—these are the visions that a Sunday night supper of mush and milk, apples and gingerbread, bring to a city wayfarer, weary of the road, camped in a "single" apartment in California.

YOUTH

BY B. PRESTON CLARK, JR.

The glory of the sunset and the night
Adorned our kingly castles and our halls,
And as we dreamed we heard with grave delight
The homage of the waves beneath our walls.

When the end came or how, we do not know,—
Others are wearing scarlet that was ours,
And in our castles others come and go,
Dreaming our dreams and watching from our towers.

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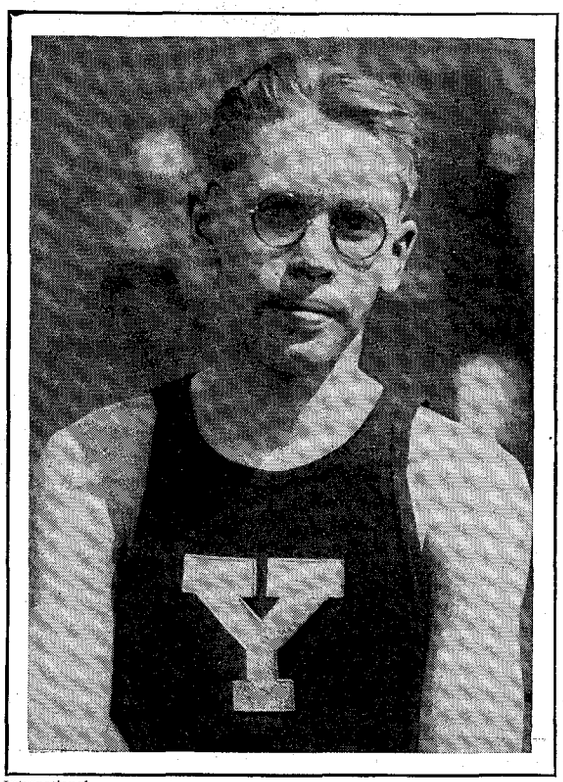
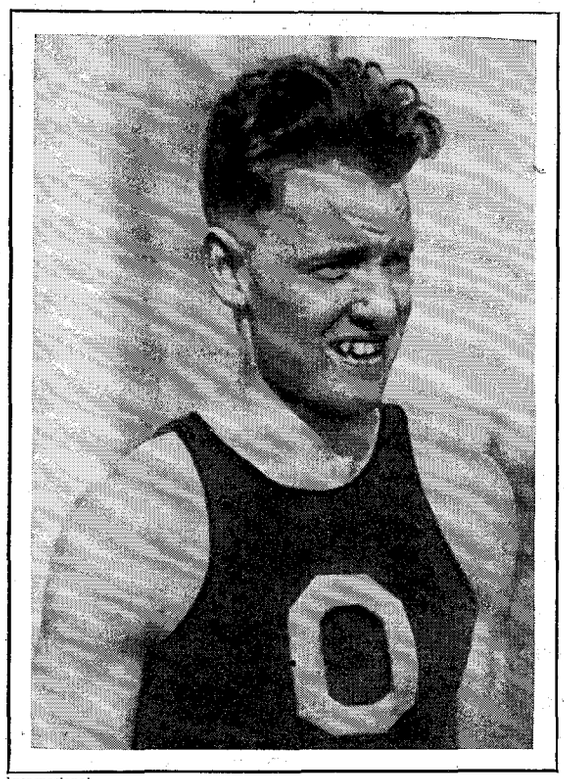
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



International

R. W. LANDON, WINNER OF RUNNING HIGH JUMP

Landon's jump was 1.93½ meters, the former Olympic record being 1.93 meters. He is a Yale man and a member of the New York Athletic Club

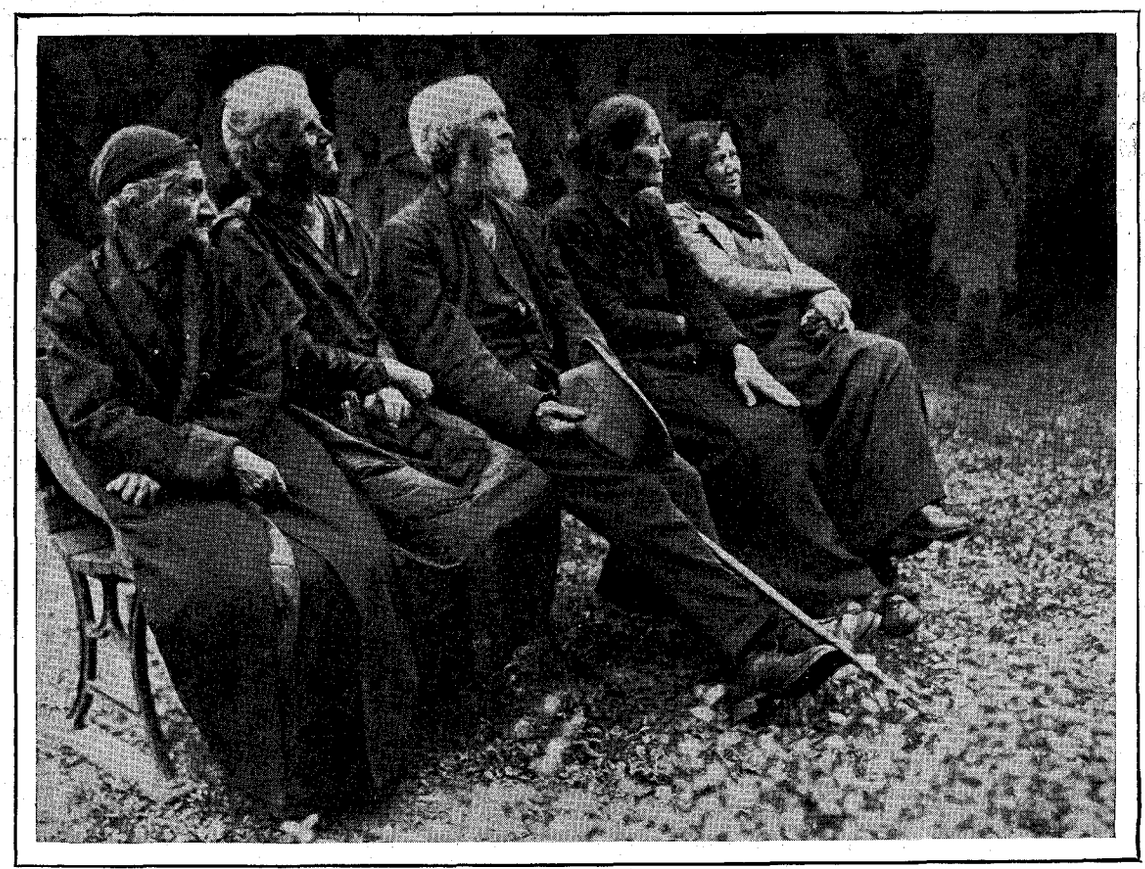


International

F. F. LOOMIS, WINNER OF 400-METER HURDLE CONTEST

Loomis set a new world record in the 400 meter hurdles. His time was 54 seconds flat. He represents the Chicago Athletic Club

TWO AMERICAN RECORD-BREAKERS AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ANTWERP



International

IMMIGRANTS AT ELLIS ISLAND ATTEND AN ENTERTAINMENT

The pictures at the top of the page show young Americans who have gone to Europe and won triumphs for themselves and their country. This picture shows elderly Europeans who have come to America, the land of hope and opportunity even for them. The new Commissioner of Immigration has begun a series of entertainments for the immigrants, which are thoroughly appreciated

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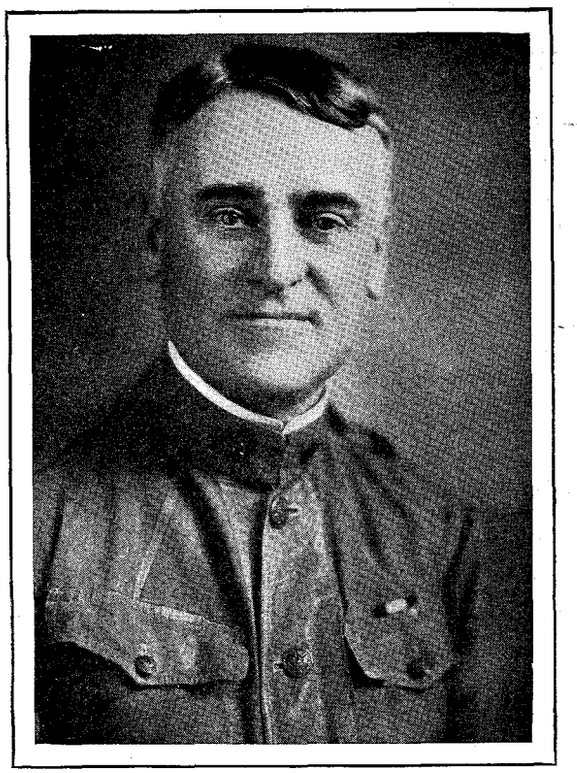

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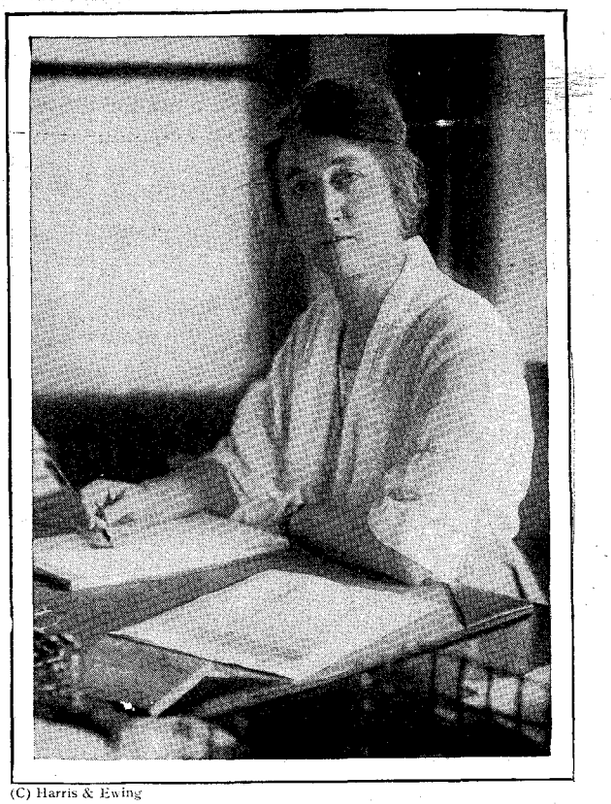
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN T. AXTON, CHIEF OF ARMY CHAPLAINS

Chief of Chaplains is a new office, and Colonel Axton, who has served in the Army for eighteen years, is the first to hold it. He has general charge of all the Army chaplains. He wears the distinguished service medal—his country's recognition of what he did during the war for the men who went out and came back through our greatest port of embarkation



(C) Harris & Ewing

MRS. ANNETTE ADAMS, ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

Almost simultaneously with the apparent ratification of National Woman Suffrage comes the appointment of Mrs. Adams to this high Federal office. She will look after taxes, revenues, and prisons. She was formerly United States District Attorney in San Francisco

International

A GIGANTIC SHOWER BATH FOR EAST SIDE CHILDREN IN NEW YORK CITY

The Fire Department of New York has provided this sport for the children who swelter in the streets of the East Side during the hot days of midsummer

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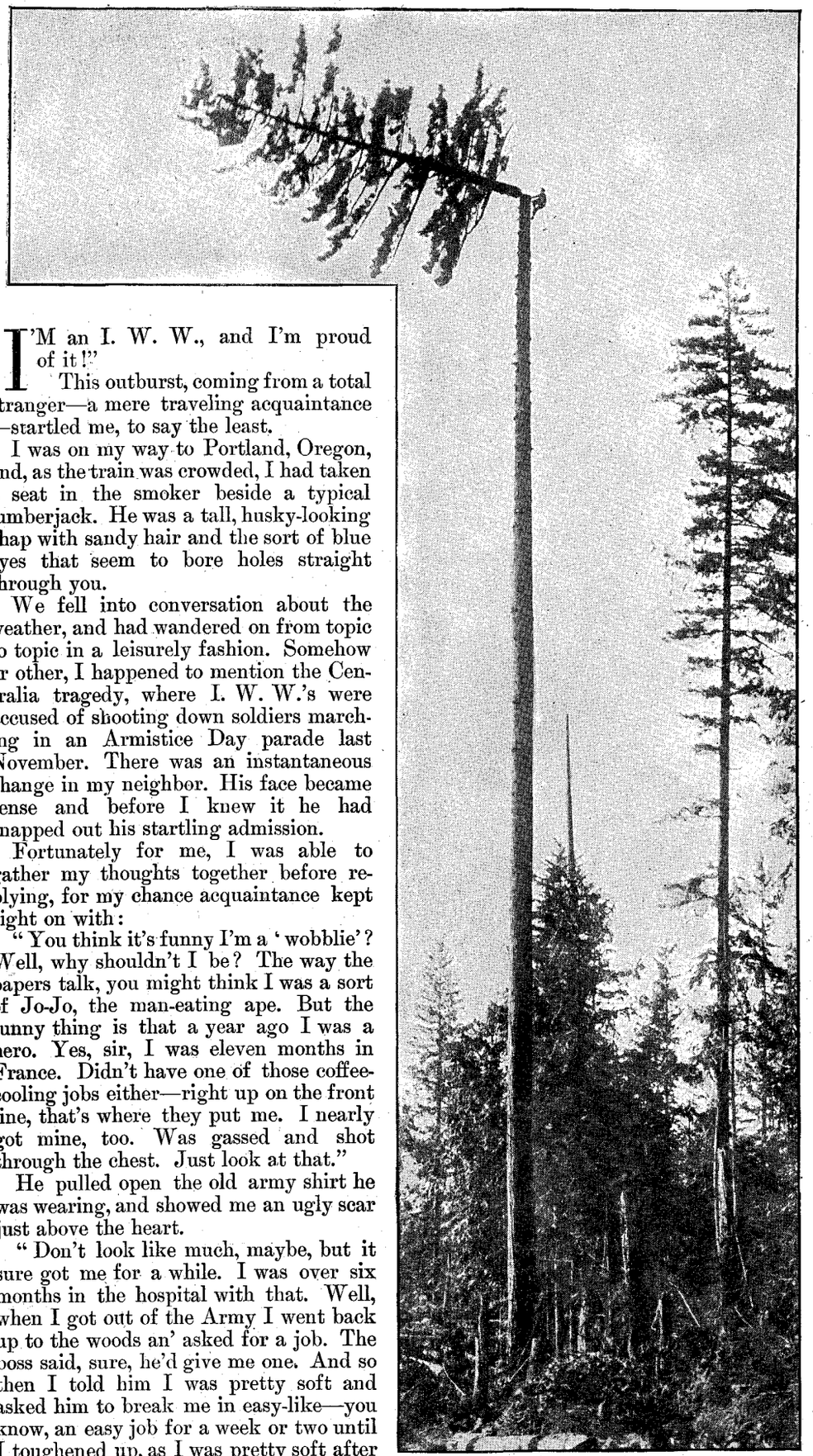
THE UNDER DOG

"AND THEY WONDER WHY WE'RE RED"

BY C. LUTHER FRY



Underwood & Underwood

The intrepid lumberjack is an "under dog" in name only when he climbs into such dizzy eminence as this. At this great height, his bird's-eye view of the social order may indeed make him "see red"

"I'M an I. W. W., and I'm proud of it!"

This outburst, coming from a total stranger—a mere traveling acquaintance—startled me, to say the least.

I was on my way to Portland, Oregon, and, as the train was crowded, I had taken a seat in the smoker beside a typical lumberjack. He was a tall, husky-looking chap with sandy hair and the sort of blue eyes that seem to bore holes straight through you.

We fell into conversation about the weather, and had wandered on from topic to topic in a leisurely fashion. Somehow or other, I happened to mention the Centralia tragedy, where I. W. W.'s were accused of shooting down soldiers marching in an Armistice Day parade last November. There was an instantaneous change in my neighbor. His face became tense and before I knew it he had snapped out his startling admission.

Fortunately for me, I was able to gather my thoughts together before replying, for my chance acquaintance kept right on with:

"You think it's funny I'm a 'wobblie'? Well, why shouldn't I be? The way the papers talk, you might think I was a sort of Jo-Jo, the man-eating ape. But the funny thing is that a year ago I was a hero. Yes, sir, I was eleven months in France. Didn't have one of those coffee-cooling jobs either—right up on the front line, that's where they put me. I nearly got mine, too. Was gassed and shot through the chest. Just look at that."

He pulled open the old army shirt he was wearing, and showed me an ugly scar just above the heart.

"Don't look like much, maybe, but it sure got me for a while. I was over six months in the hospital with that. Well, when I got out of the Army I went back up to the woods an' asked for a job. The boss said, sure, he'd give me one. And so then I told him I was pretty soft and asked him to break me in easy-like—you know, an easy job for a week or two until I toughened up, as I was pretty soft after all those months in the hospital.

"Well, what do you think he done? He gave me a pick-an'-shovel job. Can you beat it? But, I ask you, what was I to do? I didn't like it, but I couldn't say nothin'. I'd have been fired right there, probably, so I give it a try. Stuck at it for nine days. It was tough, though. After the second day I got to coughin' nights. Two nights I didn't sleep at all. Then, too, my hackin' away used to keep the other boys awake. Of course they didn't say nothin', but it made me feel rotten, anyway.

"At the end of the ninth day I couldn't stand it no longer an' I went to the boss an' told him. He just up an' told me that there wasn't no other job, and if I didn't like the one I had I could quit. Well, I did. There wasn't nothin' else for me to do. I just couldn't keep goin' no longer.

"An' then I went to see the company doc an' asked him to give me somethin'. He did—he gave me the jolt of me life. First he asked me how long I'd been with the company, an' then he wanted to know when I'd been injured. I told him it was in France, an' then watcha think he told me? He said he couldn't do nothin' for me, since I hadn't been injured on the company's ground. An' me having just paid them a dollar for me hospital fee!

"An' then he come out with the advice that I write to the Government at Washington—to some bureau or other—an' ask them what to do. Honest, buddie, he told me that! And they wonder why we're Red!"

The scorn and bitterness with which he spit out the last few sentences was diabolical. I felt that the man had brooded over this injustice until it had become an obsession that had suffused his whole personality with hate.

In an effort to turn the conversation from himself, I said. "But why join the I. W. W.? How's that going to help you?"

Like a flash he came back with:

"Well, what else can we fellows do? Political action ain't possible for us boys. In the first place, we don't live long enough in one place to have a vote. An' even if we did, what good would it do us? Take them Socialists, they spend twenty years campaignin' an' elect Victor Berger to Congress—and then what? Why, then, the Senate just naturally throws him out on his neck. Or look at them five Assemblymen in New York that were kicked out. That's how far you get with political action. No, sir, the only thing left is direct action. I didn't used to think so, but after the way I've been treated lately I've come to see things different. I tell you, if you got money you can get away with murder, but if you're a poor sucker like me they'll pinch you for readin' the

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Declaration of Independence. Honest to God, it's a fact."

As he went on he became more and more excited, and his voice rose louder and louder. Men around us could not help but overhear. Two traveling salesmen began eying us with mild hostility. Others did the same. Suddenly my neighbor became aware of this. He looked around with a defiant air, hesitated, and then lapsed into a moody silence.

I, too, became thoughtful. Here was a man who had been forced to live in an atmosphere of heat and hate until he saw the world through bloodshot eyes. His outlook on life was the result of an economic and spiritual environment that was unusually efficient in turning out anti-social beings. He therefore should be looked upon, not as an isolated revolutionist, but rather as a significant symptom of a sick society.

But, you say, as long as a man holds rabid views he is a social menace, no matter how just and square he thinks his cause.

True, but the only way to make such a man a social asset is to improve his economic and spiritual environment. As long as we leave him a prey to every destructive influence in society he will think destructively. Raids and arrests, persecutions and deportations, will not permanently help matters. Russia and Prussia sadly attest to the futility of such enterprises.

Rather, we have to undertake the far more difficult task of making such a man's life more normal—of giving fuller and freer expression to his personality. It is only when evolution ceases that revolution begins.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN: ITS PROBLEMS AND PERSONALITIES

Under this heading each week until election we expect to print an article or articles, not necessarily expressing The Outlook's opinions, but presenting some phase of the political contest, some light upon it, some point of view concerning it, which will be of interest to the voter, and will have some bearing upon the decision which he or she must make before the ballots are cast on November 2.—THE EDITORS.

THE PIG AND THE PRIMARY

A COMPLAINT, A PLAN, AND A DOUBTFUL CONCLUSION

BY HAROLD T. PULSIFER

A NEWSPAPER item appeared a few days ago which told of a system which a certain English city once used in the election of its mayor. I do not vouch for the historical accuracy of this item, but it may possibly be of value as a text for a discussion of our present primary system. According to the story, this English city chose its mayor by the simple process of seating the candidates for that office in a circle and placing in the lap of each candidate a pan of beans. Into the center of this circle was then introduced an elector of the genus *Sus*. The outcome of the election was determined by the choice of the electoral pig. That candidate became the mayor from whose lap the pig first took the sustenance of life.

I happened to read this interesting item to a friend who in 1912 and 1916 had voted for Theodore Roosevelt in the Republican primaries and who in 1920 had followed this by optimistically voting in the Republican primaries for Leonard Wood. "Well," he remarked when I had finished, "that would be a great improvement over our present American Presidential primary system. Under the pig plan the people might really have a chance to secure the candidate that they desire. I move that we start an agitation for 'votes for pigs.'"

Perhaps my friend underestimated the present value of the primary system. But I do not think that he much underestimated the popular opinion of its worth. If you ask the average voter, "Why is a primary?" the chances are that he will answer, "A primary is an institution designed to determine what the people want in order that the politicians can give them something else." Doubtless it might also be found that the average voter exaggerates the faults of our present system, but the faults are there, and some of them can be easily defined.

Our present primary system for the election of delegates to the conventions of the National parties is cumbersome and costly. No man can run effectively in the various State primaries without the expenditure on the part of his friends of what seem to the rank and file of the voters huge sums of money. It cannot be denied that the rank and file of the voters have come to look on large campaign funds, no matter for what purpose they are expended, as dangerous and reprehensible.

The present primary system makes for factional bitterness in that it brings to the contest for delegates to a convention all of the partisanship which has characterized the final National elections in November. Our country is governed by party government, and so long as this system endures anything which tends to disorganize the functioning of our parties tends towards the dissolution of government efficiency.

Our present primary laws are as diverse as our divorce laws. Surely contests leading towards the nomination and election of a National President should be conducted under rules which show some approach at least towards unity of form and spirit.

Our present primary laws do not operate efficiently even within the present range of their possibilities. In the first place, in some States no contests are held to enable the voter to secure even a chance to express his preference. And where contests do occur this same voter frequently fails to put in an appearance at the polls on primary day.

But even if our primary system were developed to its highest possible point of efficiency along its present line of operation, would the result be any more satisfying? To wax utopian in imagination, would all our troubles vanish even if contests for instructed delegates were held in every State of the Union, and even if in every State of the Union every voter voted? It cannot be denied that most voters would reply, "No!" Under such an imaginary development one of two alternatives might be expected by critics of our present system. Either conventions would be deadlocked and the delegates forced to disregard (or be excused from regarding) the popular plurality, as at present, or they would be reduced to the innocuous desuetude of the electoral college. It seems to me that if we are to continue our present system of party government, such a devitalization of our party conventions would not be wholly desirable. Heaven knows our conventions have been disappointing in the past, but the way to cure their weakness is not to make them still weaker. There are those who want to destroy every political organ which functions badly, just as old-time physicians pre-

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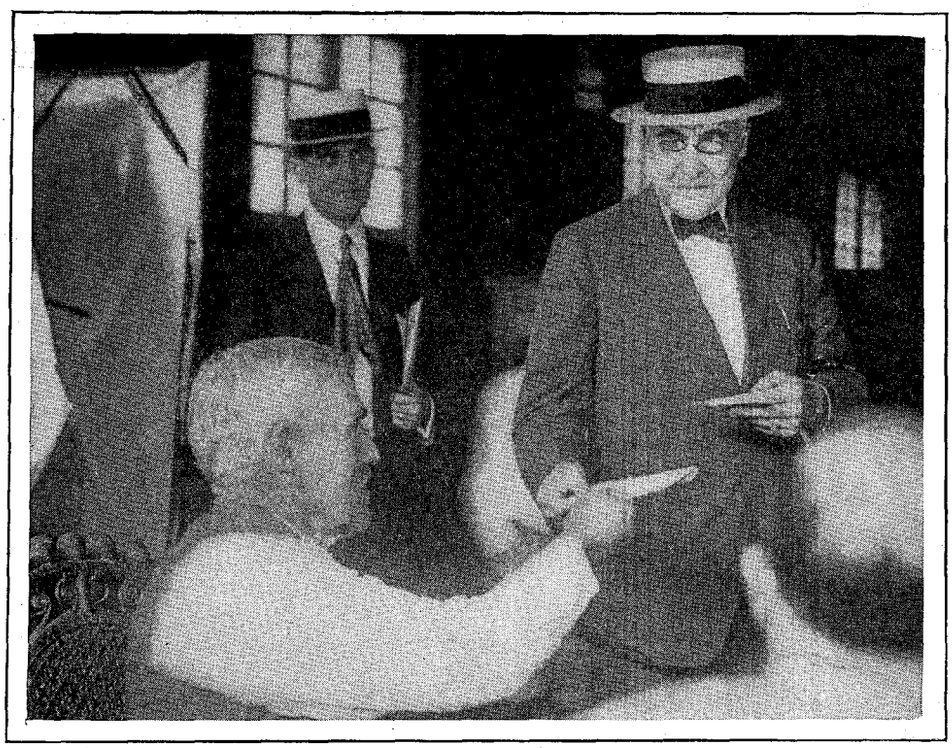

International

ONE EXCELLENT WAY OF "REFORMING" THE PRIMARIES IS TO DO JUST WHAT SENATOR HARDING IS DOING HERE—VOTE IN THEM

scribed blood-letting for every ill. Blood-letting frequently removed the ill, but, unfortunately, it also frequently removed the patient at the same time.

Here is the case, or at least part of the case, against our present primary system in National elections. Where is the cure to be found?

Every proposition to reform our Presidential primary system which I have seen runs up against the simple fact that our National elections are operated by the separate States. Under our Constitution, every State controls its own primary laws looking towards the election of a President, because of the fact that our Constitution provided, not for the direct election of the President, but for the choosing of State electors who were to select the President.

Therefore no radical reform can be made of our present primary system without a Constitutional amendment permitting the Federal Government to control the manner in which delegates to the National conventions are to be chosen. It would probably prove impossible for the States to agree upon the selection of a single primary day for the entire United States, simple and advantageous as such a proposition for inter-State co-operation might seem to be, without the assistance of an amendment to the Federal Constitution. There are those who feel, after a study of the events of the last twelve years, that the time may be almost ripe for an amendment making National election machinery National.

If such an amendment were adopted, what plan would you propose of primary reform? There is one general principle which must be borne in mind in the formulation of any such proposition:

No scheme to secure a more accurate registration of the popular will will be accepted by practical politicians if at the same time it tends towards the disintegration or dissolution of our present party machinery. We must recognize the fact. A party machine is not of itself bad, any more than a revolver is bad. But both can be put to bad use. Both have been.

As a basis for discussion rather than as a definite proposal, let me outline a plan which might or might not be an improvement on our present system.

Let us first pass a Constitutional amendment placing the control of Presidential primaries and the organization of our National parties under the Federal Government. Let us then by Federal statute provide for a system of which the following is a general outline.

In the summer preceding each Presidential election require each National party to elect delegates to a National convention to be held on a specific date. Do not elect these delegates by popular primary, but by the old caucus and convention system, safeguarding this system in every possible way by provisions for proper publicity and proper representation. Under such a system an open party caucus in each election district would send delegates to a county convention, from which delegates would be sent to a State convention, from which delegates would be chosen for the National convention. Such a system would enable the average voter to have a share in his party politics if he so desired, while at the same time it would not tend to disrupt the party organization. It may be said that the great bulk of party members would take only such interest in such a selection of delegates as they have taken in similar selections in the past. The reader may be able to calculate what this interest would be by counting up on the fingers of his or her left hand the number of times he or she has taken part in a party caucus or a party primary.

Of course there would be nothing in such a system which would prevent delegates who favored a particular candidate from seeking the suffrages of their fellow-voters on the basis of a promise to support such a candidate if selected for service in any of the successive conventions.

Chosen by this method, the National delegates would assemble on a designated day, elect their customary officers and committees, and adopt a party platform, as in the past. Then comes a radical change. Let these National conventions name for the Presidency, not one candidate, but the five that can muster (either by direct or preferential balloting) the greatest number of votes in the convention. It seems that any man having any pretense to a National following could at least secure the votes of one-fifth of the delegates to a National convention without having recourse to the bitter factional fights which have taken place in the pre-convention campaigns in the past.

Having designated five party candidates for the Presidency, each party would be required to hold a single National primary on a specified day within less than a month after the National convention. It is possible that something like the Oregon system, under which that State itself circulates the views of candidates for public office, might be introduced to remove any necessity for the use of individual campaign funds, but that is not a proposition necessarily included in my present tentative plan.

At this single National primary the voters of each party would have a chance to cast their ballots for a Presidential nominee without any fear that their choice would be upset by secret manipulation or shady bargains between the managers and tired delegates in smoke-filled committee rooms. This National primary should be conducted under a system of preferential voting by which each voter designates his first and second choice for the Presidency. First-choice votes would have a value of two, and second-choice votes a value of one; the candidate who received the highest number of votes being chosen as the nominee for the Presidency, and the candidate who received the second highest number of votes the nominee for the Vice-Presidency. Every candidate who consented to enter this popular primary would necessarily agree in advance to accept second place on the ticket if he failed to win the nomination for President. To make this pledge more attractive, the Vice-President should certainly be permitted to sit in the President's Cabinet and his salary should be raised to not less than half that which the President himself now receives. Of course Presidents and ex-Presidents might properly be exempted from making this pledge, the Vice-Presidential nomination in case an ex-President ran in second place going to the third man on the list.

Perhaps such a primary-day election would bring out almost as large a party vote as the November elections them-

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selves bring to the polls. The likelihood that any of the leading candidates would be excluded from such a primary is small. The possibility that the popular choice would be disregarded would be absolutely nil. Whether or not it would result in the selection of better candidates is a subject for argument rather than for proof.

There are objections, and serious ones, to this plan for a pre-primary convention, as to all plans for political reorganization. One will perhaps immediately occur to every one with any political experience. The Democrats, under such a system, might nominate for the Presidency a man from a surely Democratic State, like Mississippi, instead of from a doubtful State, like Ohio. But there are those who think that we have paid too much consideration to such political formulas in the past, and that we are growing nationally enough minded to disregard such measures of political expediency. Still another practical objection can be found in the fact that, no matter how beautiful in theory a preferential election or primary may be, the system has never appealed greatly to popular fancy. A third objection might lie in the fact that such a system might produce a ticket representing two irreconcilable factions.

Other objections will occur doubtless to such readers of this article as have reached this point with strength enough left to raise them. I can only say, with Bairnsfather's "Old Bill," "If you know a better 'ole, go to it." No. On second thought, "If you know a better 'ole, send it along to the editors of The Outlook."

Bruce Barton will relate in an early issue of The Outlook one of those "inside" stories of National politics that rarely gets into print. It is the story of Frank W. Stearns, the Boston dry goods merchant, and his years of unwavering faith in Calvin Coolidge. Stearns is a strange figure in politics. He's in politics, not for what he can get out of it, but for what he can put into it.

They may want to present it to their readers.

P. S.—After you have successfully demolished the theory of primary reform proposed in this article, and after you have erected a burglar-proof theory of your own, it might be well to consider a third thought. How much of our present dissatisfaction with our primary machinery is due to the defects in that machinery and how much is due to the shortcomings of the men and women who are operating that machinery? It was Viscount Bryce, I think, who somewhere said that the New England colonists could have made any kind of a Constitution work. At the present time do we need more improvement in our governmental machinery or more of the spirit of those New England colonists?

A good woodsman prides himself on his ability to make anything from a toothpick to a ten-room cabin with his ax. Are we utilizing our Governmental machinery as a good woodsman utilizes his ax, or are we refusing to play the game unless we are provided with a triple-expansion, double back-action, self-ejecting, nickle-plated buzz saw every time we are called upon to split a little kindling? Do we need Constitutional amendments or constructive action? Do we need better theory or better practice? I wonder. Do you?

WITH THE POLISH ARMY

BY MAJOR RICHARD S. DAVIS

WHAT happened after I left Warsaw on May 2, on a Y. M. C. A. service mission to the Polish troops, swiftly resolved itself into two exciting and unforgetable phases. The first might be called "On the Heels of the Bolsheviki." The second might be called "On Their Toes," or, better still, "Going West," for that is what we actually did, and came near doing it in more ways than one when we evacuated Kiev.

To-day, in the free state of Danzig, where this is being written on brief leave, one is tranquilly remote from battles and Bolsheviki. The days are warm and sunny, but the bathing is like jumping into the salt water of an ice-cream freezer. In these peaceful surroundings the events of the past two months seem almost incredible.

My orders were to find the Third Polish Army, under the command of General Rydz-Smigley, probably at Baronowicze, near the Polish-Bolo eastern frontier, about three hundred kilometers from Warsaw. Arriving in this Russian town at 3 A.M., I found that the army had moved south to Lunience. I lost no time, for the intervening territory consisted of bad swamplands alive with mosquitoes. The food and water were entirely unfit for human consumption. It took me almost three days to cover one hundred miles. I finally arrived in Rowne on a Polish troop train, in a box car with some forty soldiers, straw, and harnesses, reminiscent of war days in France on those tense "40 Hommes ou 8 Chevaux" journeys.

RICHARD STANLEY DAVIS

I had now reached the last large town before one reached the front. The Poles had established a line here and held it. They had begun an offensive, and General Rydz-Smigley had jumped his army due east to Zytomierz. There is a broad Russian highway between these two towns, and over this route, in the offensive on Zytomierz, this Polish army traveled one hundred and thirty kilometers in twenty-four hours. I was now on the heels of the Bolos, with a unique opportunity to render American Y service to these thousands of poor, tired, ill-fed, ill-clothed chaps. I was also to see just what Bolshevism means, and to witness its effects where it had flourished for more than a year, departing toward the east door as the Poles entered from the west. But the Bolos did not anticipate such a meteoric advance of the Poles, and the thousands of prisoners pushed back into the Polish centers made still another side of an ever increasingly complex story.

I was now close to the advanced ranks of a great Polish drive. If I could find means of transportation for supplies, I could possibly reach General Rydz-Smigley and be with the outposts, and if the advance stopped I could serve the great mass of troops who were bringing up the rear. We have a Y canteen in

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Rowne, doing a tremendous work twenty-four hours daily. From the army headquarters I secured the use of a five-ton truck and loaded fifty cases of chocolate bars, about fifty thousand pieces. Two days later I arrived in Zytomierz.

The army had preceded me, and the town had fallen about four days before my arrival. You perhaps recall reading of the horrible massacres of Zytomierz, sometimes spelled Gitomir, and of Kiev. For all time, believe me, reading from a distance a cold reported account of barbaric crimes is an entirely different thing from arriving on the scene while the sickening evidence is still there. Some day I will write the facts—unless I can forget, as God knows I hope I can.

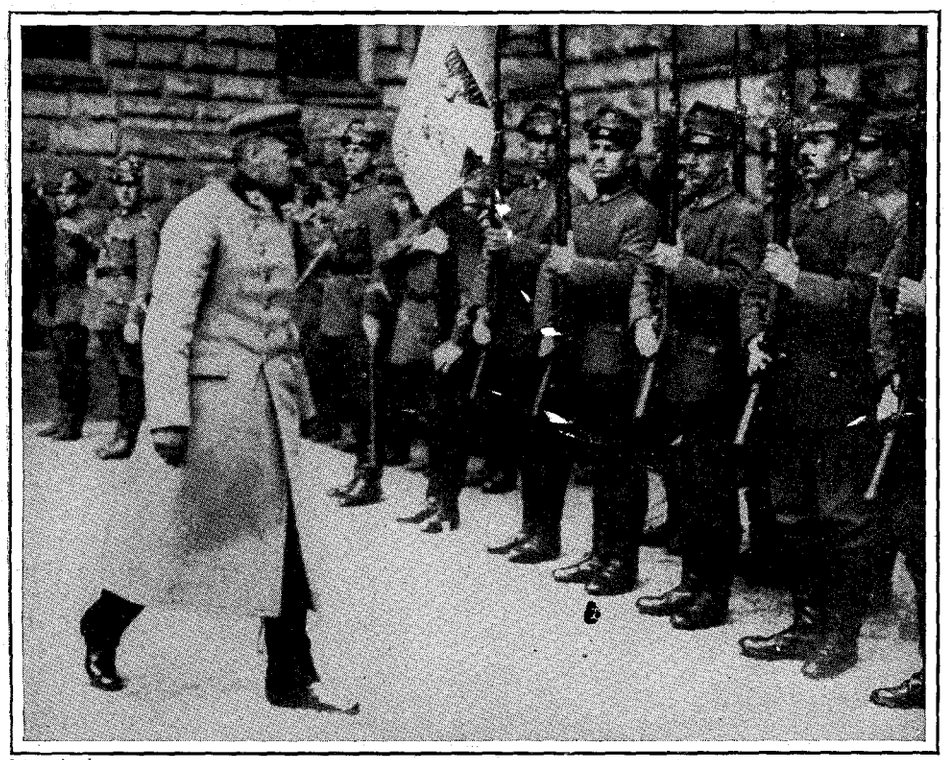
But we cannot tarry in Zytomierz, for this Polish army is moving fast. Kiev, due east, is the objective. I had obtained two three-ton Pierce-Arrow trucks from the General, and by driving one of them myself was able to keep fairly good pace with the Staff cars. At the first halt I gave chocolate to the soldiers and talked with the peasants. The peasants here in Ukraine hailed the Poles as saviors. The welcome was genuine and spontaneous from all but Communists and Jews.

At 6 A.M. of the 8th we entered Kiev, the sacred city of the Russians. Along the route some fearless Polish sympathizers threw flowers and cheered the march. But they were not many; the Bolsheviki before evacuating the city had issued flaring proclamations that they would surely return in two weeks, and woe unto him who showed any friendliness to the Polish soldier. Every house and store in this beautiful city was boarded shut. One could not buy a piece of bread for any price. I cannot see how the people existed during the weeks immediately preceding the Bolsheviki evacuation. Many died from hunger, privation, and disease.

HIS CHOCOLATES ARE SHELLED

An amusing incident happened on my arrival. I missed the General's car on entering the city, and found myself on the great cliffs of the city overlooking the Dnieper. A Bolshevik shell exploded right over my truck, which almost caused a complete loss of chocolate bars for the Polish soldiers, to say nothing of the one solitary American with the entire Third Army. About that time the General hove in sight, and it was good to hear him laugh at my close call. From a more sheltered location we watched the retreating Bolshevik hordes on the other side of the Dnieper, while the Poles shelled them with all the artillery at hand.

In Kiev food prices were beyond all reason. Ordinary staples had advanced sometimes several thousand per cent, and shoes, stockings, and ordinary wearing apparel could not be had at any price. The Bolshevist money presses were working day and night while the troops looted the better and wealthy citizens. Naturally no one of any repute could buy anything. Only the sympathizers and the Communists themselves had money. The street car lines, waterworks, and lights in this picturesque city were useless. All places occupied by the soldiers reeked with filth, débris, and disease. It made one's heart sick to see the wonderful furniture that had been willfully destroyed, the magnificent homes and their decorations that had been vandalized, famous paintings slashed, and families ruined forever.



International

GENERAL PILSUDSKI, PRESIDENT OF POLAND, AND HIS TROOPS

ONE OF THE FAMOUS POLISH POSEN CAVALRYMEN

For a month the Poles occupied Kiev. The life in the city again became nearly normal. People slept without fear. Business was resumed. The city was cleaned. Children could play. Food was becoming less expensive. The dawn of a new day seemed to have begun, in which life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness were actualities.

Then came the crash.

God only knows what the hasty withdrawal of the gallant Polish arms means to the citizens who are left behind, in Kiev, the Holy City of the Russians.

Fifteen times during the past four years of war Kiev had been captured, occupied, and evacuated, by as many armies. Even the smaller school-children could run off the different conquering armies on their finger-tips, much as our boys and girls memorize the Presidents. There were the Germans, the Austrians, the Russians, Denikine, Petlura, the Bolsheviki, etc., etc., and now came the Poles, making the sixteenth invasion. There was precious little left behind that was portable, that was not buried deep in the ground, as one army made way for the next. Private property in Kiev is a thing of antiquity; even private thoughts were a menace until the Poles began the process of good government, order, law, and individual freedom. It was only with extreme difficulty that one could buy a pound of bread.

POLES RESTORE CONFIDENCE

In three weeks the majority of the shops, restaurants, theaters, and offices were open and ready for customers. Communication with the outside world was resumed. Confidence was re-established. People believed in this army and its soldiers.

My fourth week in Kiev I shall never forget. We had opened our home for the Polish soldiers and officers. The opening day was memorable. General Rydz-Smigley paid high and feeling tribute to the work of the American Y. M. C. A. We had received two carloads of supplies. Another was *en route* from Warsaw. Day and night we toiled, getting ready for the coming months, and rendering every possible service to resting soldiers and to the troops in the trenches who held the 30-kilometers radius bridge-head across the Dnieper, so that the Bolo could not pass.

Wild, uncertain rumors of many battles to the north and south reached our ears. The Bolsheviki were apparently making a supreme effort to break the Polish lines of communication. They were trying at all costs to keep their parting word to the people—to return in two weeks or a

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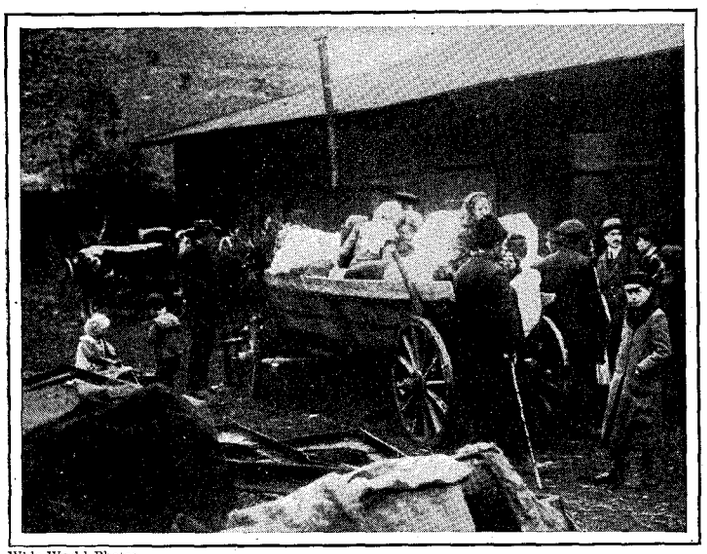

Wide World Photos

POLISH PEASANTS ESCAPING BEFORE BOLSHEVIKI

Wide World Photos

A WOUNDED POLISH SOLDIER IN A PEASANT'S WAGON

month at the latest, and warning all against friendship for the Poles. We laughed at these Bolshevist attacks, for each new rumor seemed to pour scores of additional enemy prisoners through the streets. And what sights they were!

AGAIN IN FLIGHT

Rumors and reports are more and more persistent. The enemy is attacking the most vulnerable points in the Polish lines. The citizens are becoming alarmed and the Communists gain assurance. Secret pamphlets are circulated from unknown and untraceable sources. The value of the Polish mark declines fifty per cent. The citizens again know want and hunger.

Our canteen is besieged by people of Polish descent and by Russians begging for flour. The demands for even one piece of chocolate for each soldier in companies or regiments become excessive. Our personnel is limited. Working alone, practically, the last few days were a dread to me. I approached my canteen in fear, as I was powerless to meet even part of the army situation, to say nothing of the civilian. There were sleepless nights; no one could tell what would happen before dawn, despite the apparent calmness of the General Staff.

Store after store, offices, theaters, kinos, and restaurants closed, and were boarded, nailed, and iron-barred against entrance. People moved everywhere with cherished possessions in huge packages, *en route* to hiding-places or burying-grounds. The water ceased to flow. The nights were dark, for lack of fuel for power. Refugees were now leaving in droves. For where? Anywhere to avoid the Bolsheviki. They were "going west." Everything was moving west. It was the handwriting on the wall. But in our inexperience we could not read the signs, or we too would have moved west days earlier than we did.

Two railways connect Kiev with Warsaw—one to the north via Korosten, the other from the south via Berdyczow. There is also a highway the entire eight hundred kilometers between Warsaw and Kiev via Rowne and Zytomierz. The Bolshevik forces did not try to take Kiev direct, as it is practically as invulnerable as Gibraltar, behind the cliffs of the Dnieper.

This army, numbering, it is reported, thirty thousand experienced and excellent cavalry, the old Cossacks, under an old Cossack sergeant, Buedinni, now a Bolshevik General, crossed the Dnieper far north and considerably south of Kiev, and passed through the Polish lines, to terrorize and ravage the country.

BUEDINNI'S HUGE RAID

With an inbred horsemanship and knowledge of this country, Buedinni's cavalry outmaneuvered the Poles. General Listowski, in command of this front, moved his headquarters from Berdyczow just in time to escape capture. The squadron of American aviators, the Kosciusko squadron, was also working this front. They are responsible for saving the General, and only escaped themselves as the first of the Bolsheviki rode on their aerodrome. Two planes, unable to start, were burned.

All railways, telegraph lines, and road bridges were destroyed. On Monday, June 7, the cavalry dashed into Zytomierz, burned the railway station, and plundered everything available, according to the report which reached us later. It was a well-organized raid on a superhuman scale, and partly succeeded in throwing the Poles into confusion. The Bolsheviki then scattered, apparently waiting for the Polish army to retreat from Kiev, where it was entirely cut off.

This is the actual story of what hap-

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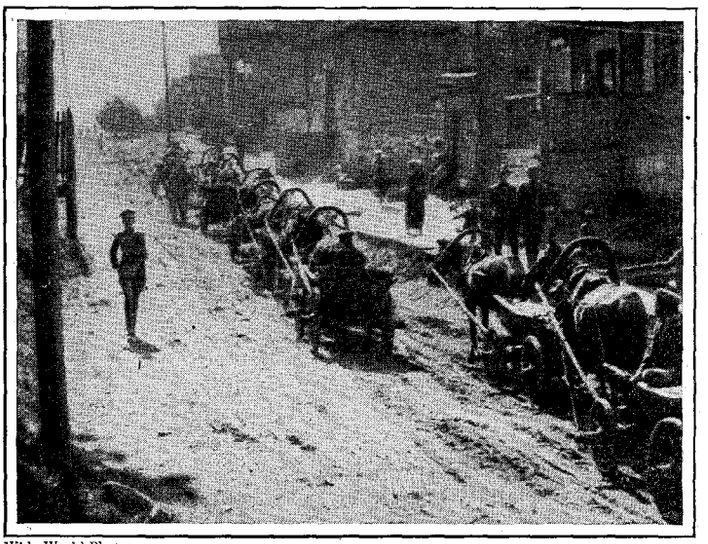
BOLSHEVIK PROPAGANDA IN THE UKRAINE



Wide World Photos

AN ILL-EQUIPPED DETACHMENT OF THE POLISH ARMY

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pened from the other side. We in Kiev knew practically nothing of existing conditions. If we had known I cannot state what might have happened to the entire army which was thus hemmed in, at the hands of the great number of enemy sympathizers in the civilian population.

It is altogether likely that there would have been some frightful massacres. The confusion was indescribable. Perhaps the General Staff knew everything, but even this is doubtful, as all lines of communication had been cut. Again during these few days the American aviators rendered invaluable services and carried the final orders which directed the retreat.

The plan of retreat, which for the most part was orderly, now that I am permitted to review the entire evacuation from a distance, was as follows: The final sanitary train for the wounded and Red Cross personnel was to leave June 10 by the north, as the other railway was completely severed. This train would also carry as many civilians as possible, escorted by armored trains front and rear. The army would move in conjunction with this train. All the automobiles of the army, some two hundred and fifty, including ambulances, would form one column, travel empty for speed, and try to escape by the only road open to heavy traffic, the Kiev-Zytomierz highway. Bridges were known to be destroyed, but it was a case of win or lose all, with time a vital factor.

NEAR MADNESS

On June 8 and 9 the army drew in its bridge-head to the west of the Dnieper. All companies in the city were held in readiness, forbidden sleep at night. Cannonading was growing ever nearer and nearer. The bridges over the Dnieper were blown up and burned to prevent the Bolsheviki from entering from the east. The Nickoli Bridge for civilians was especially beautiful, and a masterpiece of construction. It seemed a crime against the world to see its spans sink into the river. Parts of the city were burning. The air was full of weird and wild speculation. Even in peace Kiev is mysterious. This mystery was accentuated a thousand times, until on the last night it became unbearable. No one tried to sleep. I thought I should go crazy were I compelled to remain in this Sacred City of the Russians another night.

The suspense and apparent hopelessness of the canteen situation weighed upon me. Our official order was: "Travel with as little baggage as possible; everything must be left." On the 10th of June at six P.M. the General Staff and train were to move. Early in the morning all was in readiness. At the last minute I secured two army trucks and put two loads of our stuff on the train, and had two more *en route* when it pulled out, going west, with some of my personnel, leaving everything else behind. I had missed the train, with twelve soldiers who helped me, and three prisoners and guard detailed to my canteen. We were besieged by a mob of civilians. Never have I gone through such an ordeal. At least a thousand people crowded and jammed the street in front of my theater, arguing, fighting, yelling in an unknown tongue, struggling and waiting for the inevitable. For the General and his staff company, instead of moving at six P.M. actually left the city at three P.M. I imagine several hairs turned gray in my head during the next half-hour. I had held on to everything until the end, giving supplies only to the most needy, and donating liberally to the hospitals.

A MIRACLE

Here was a dilemma into which I had deliberately walked. What were we to do? And then, at the last moment, just as I was about to sling my knapsack over my shoulder, call my men together, and abandon the canteen, two five-ton Pierce-Arrow trucks rolled to the door. And yet they say miracles happened only in the Bible! These truck-drivers were after a little chocolate for the long trip, so they said—their column had gone and they were hungry. And these four chauffeurs got their fill of chocolate the next four days of the retreat through the Bolshevik lines.

We had loaded those trucks with every chocolate bar in stock, every can of tobacco, and all the milk, jam, and cigarettes.

The train and army that went north had a hard time of it, fighting their way for two hundred kilometers, facing the same methods used by the Russians against Napoleon more than one hundred years ago; although the Poles were far more fortunate, for it was summer, and the Bolsheviki seemed to miss many opportunities to spread havoc.

Our automobile column was halted at daybreak on the 11th while the chauffeurs tried to repair a bridge that had been burned by the Bolsheviki the day before. The men intrenched themselves and waited for the attack which we felt certain was coming every minute, for the hostile cavalry were all around us. Why the famous Buedinni Cossack Cavalry did not attack and completely exterminate us during the eight hours we waited for that bridge to be rebuilt is more than I can tell. Perhaps the column with its 253 motors looked too formidable, or perhaps the Bolsheviki were awaiting reinforcements. It was a sensation, riding along on a slow-moving truck on that great level highroad, a perfect mark for any rifleman. One does some tall thinking under such circumstances.

A ROLLING Y. M. C. A. CANTEEN

We arrived at Zytomierz about 5 P.M. of June 11. We were now in Polish territory and all seemed well. I received permission to pass on to Zwiahel immediately after giving chocolate and tobacco to the chauffeurs and soldiers of the column. As the Y had a canteen at Zwiahel, I planned to spend the night there.

It took me until four in the morning to reach the place, as my last truck went through a temporary bridge. Word had been relayed that the cavalry were coming, and coming fast, in great numbers, apparently bent on the destruction of the column before it left the city. Three hours after the trucks started to evacuate, the cavalry entered the city. It was a very close call for all, some barely escaping, while others were obliged to leave bulky machines behind.

I next evacuated our canteen at Zwiahel. It seemed foolhardy to leave it there after my recent experiences. With the help of the American Aviation Squadron, I converted this canteen into a rolling canteen, consisting of two box cars. It is moving with the army at present, and there is no danger of a secretary and outfit being left behind in the rush of another retreat.

Two days later I was in Rowne, four hundred kilometers from Kiev, and my starting-point just six weeks previous on what proved to be a great adventure. The same evening more than two hundred trucks of our motor column came thundering into Rowne. They were taking no chances this time.

The Kiev story is but a small event in history, I suppose. I write it because it was one of the great experiences of my life, and because I was the only American, so far as I know, who went through the affair from the first day to the last.

I have never seen a braver spirit than that displayed by the Polish youths who were mechanics and chauffeurs, worthily called "soldiers" in this auto column retreat. Poland probably overstepped her limits. It may have been a grave mistake. The army has returned to its former lines of national defense. But it is a simple matter to criticise now, while Kiev, the Holy City of Russia, again returns to the Bolshevik régime, its seventeenth invasion and occupation.

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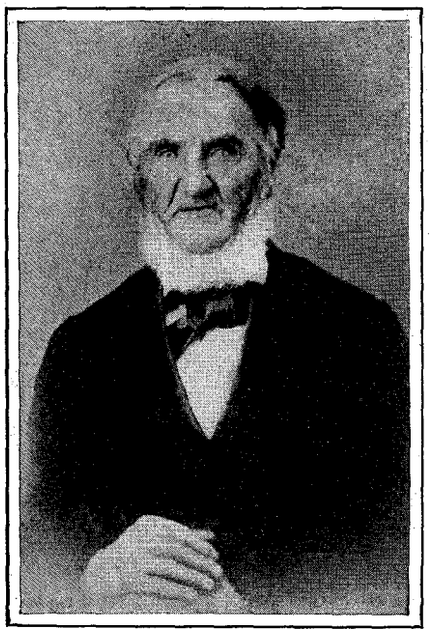
THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

A PROHIBITIONIST SHAKES DICE WITH POE

BY THEODORE PEASE STEARNS

WHEN Poe was attending the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, it fell to the lot of my great-uncle, Peter Pindar Pease, to make his acquaintance. Pease afterwards met the poet again in Boston, at a time when his biographers seem to have lost track of Poe, and later met him again in New York.

It seems a pity that this companionship with this gifted genius should have fallen to the lot of as unsympathetic a person as my late kinsman. Indeed, the old gentleman never attached any importance to his association with Poe, and it was only by persistent inquiry that my own uncle, Judge Harlow Pease, drew from his Uncle Peter the facts here presented just as the Judge passed them on to me. Had it not



PETER PINDAR PEASE, DEACON AND ABOLITIONIST, WHO AS A YOUTH SHOOK DICE WITH POE FOR A COPY OF HOGARTH'S PRINTS

been for the latter's intense interest in Poe and his tireless curiosity, these interesting sidelights on several phases of the character and activities of Poe might never have been preserved.

Peter Pease was a stanch prohibitionist, and he believed Poe to be dissolute. He was a deacon in his church at Oberlin, Ohio (a determined pillar), and he regarded Poe as an outcast. Furthermore, old Deacon Pease was deeply interested in the "Underground Railway" before the war, and he assumed Poe to be a Southerner. Finally, the old gentleman cared nothing for any poetry outside his hymn-book, and therefore the entire scheme of Edgar Allan Poe's history and genius was without value to him.

SHAKING DICE FOR HOGARTH

As a boy old Pease was apprenticed to an itinerant saddler, Hermann Tucker by name, and shortly before the early '30s arrived at Charlottesville, Virginia, where the worthy harness-maker opened a shop, and my great-uncle became his assistant.

Trade was pretty brisk, and soon the little shop expanded into a sort of curio store filled with second-hand articles, including a library which had fallen under the auctioneer's hammer in order to satisfy a plantation debt and so came into the possession of Tucker. Among these books was a rare edition of Hogarth's prints, and this work the young assistant resolved to purchase on the installment plan from his employer.

Two small payments had been made when Poe, then attending the college there, happened into the shop one day, noticed the book, and desired to buy it. Upon Tucker's telling Poe that his clerk was attempting to purchase the work out of his meager earnings, the poet asked to be made known to my great-uncle, and thus their acquaintanceship began.

Poe immediately invited young Peter up to his room, asking him to bring the Hogarth along with him that they might look it over together, and the invitation was accepted.

Next evening the call was made, and after some parley Poe suggested that they gamble for the book, agreeing to pay Peter the full price which Tucker asked in case he lost. If Peter lost, he was to continue paying off the debt to Tucker and Poe was to keep the Hogarth. My great-uncle had been brought up to fear the devil and all his works with Calvinistic severity, but he resolved to take the chance of getting the book for nothing, so the dice were thrown.

Poe lost, and promptly paid over the money. Whatever became of the Hogarth I do not know. It is certainly not in the Pease family library and Peter probably sold it. This incident occurred some time in May, 1826, as nearly as the old Deacon remembered it.

LIVING UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME

In July of the same year young Pease separated from his employer and returned to New England, settling in Boston, where he was again to meet Poe, though under vastly different circumstances. Poe left the University in December of 1826, and, breaking with his foster-father, Mr. Allan, started out to seek his fortune, full of hopes and with supreme confidence in his genius, but knowing absolutely nothing of the world.

It was while unloading a dray of hides on the water-front one blustering March afternoon that my great-uncle recognized in a pale, rather stoop-shouldered clerk, emerging from a mercantile house hard by, his former acquaintance who had diced with him unsuccessfully in Virginia a year before. He was about to hail Poe when the latter, catching sight of him, turned away and hastily disappeared around the corner.

Thinking that Poe did not care to renew the friendship, Pease returned to his work, but when he had finished and was starting homeward, there was Poe waiting for him some distance down the street. He was very shabbily appareled.

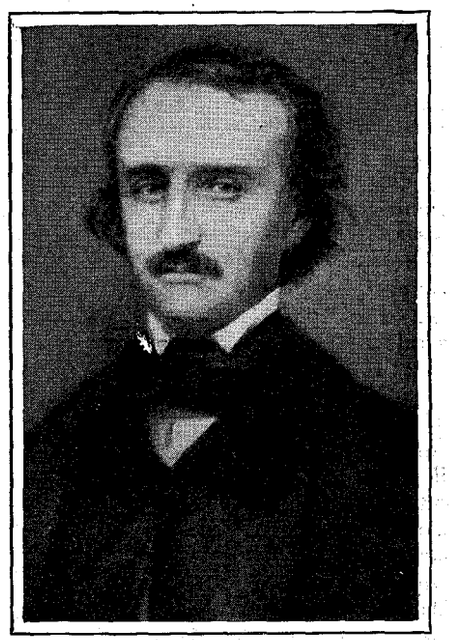
Pease hailed him, but Poe hurriedly pushed him into an alleyway and begged him not to speak his name aloud, giving for his reason that "he had left home to seek his fortune, and until he had hit it hard he preferred to remain incognito."

As my great-uncle recounted it to Judge Pease: "He (Poe) told me that he had clerked for two months in a wholesale merchandise house on the water-front at a very small salary, the most of which he had been too proud to ask for, and his employer, taking advantage of this pride and being a man of brutal and unscrupulous character, the boy was easily done out of most of the money which he had earned.

"His landlady, too, was a woman of no attainments, and had no patience with a boarder who sat up nights writing on paper which he could not afterward sell. She soon turned him into the street.

"He then tried literary work, but failed to obtain employment on any of the large journals. Finally he secured work in the office of an obscure paper as market reporter; but, the proprietor being a man of shady reputation, the office soon got into debt, and soon after Poe joined it the paper stopped publication.

"He then told me that he was resolved



EDGAR ALLAN POE

to enlist in the army, for his resources were utterly exhausted, and he was determined not to write to former friends for help. I believe he remained in Boston seven months altogether."

As is well known, Poe did enlist in the army in May, 1827, and served for two years.

POE'S PLAN TO GO WEST

Peter Pease did not see the poet again until 1831, when they met in New York, where Poe had gone, he said, to secure the publication of a book of his poems by Harpers. He claimed, almost boisterously, that he had "hit it hard" (evidently a favorite expression with him), meaning that his fortune was made. He told Pease that he was living in the vicinity of Madison Square, that he loved to walk beneath the elm trees there, and invited Pease to go with him for a refreshment. But my great-uncle was in a hurry to catch the boat for Amboy, so, after a short conversation, they shook hands and parted.

To his nephew, Harlow, the old deacon frequently mentioned a Mr. E. M. Murdock, who was a one-time friend of his living near Cincinnati, where the suburb of Delhi is now located, and with whom he had "Underground Railway" interests. Murdock was introduced to Poe in Phila-

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delphia at the time the poet was editor of "Graham's Magazine." Upon learning that Murdock was from the West, Poe was all attention and asked about the literary outlook there, at the same time mentioning that he had friends in the Western Reserve and that he was thinking of locating out there.

Murdock promptly discouraged Poe, and, meeting him some time later, asked him why he had desired to make a change, since he was doing so well.

"That is just the reason," answered Poe. "I was doing so well here I thought I could do better."

Murdock told my great-uncle that Poe had "heart failure" at that time (winter of 1840–41), and this is probably the illness so often spoken of by Poe's biographers as "undefined."

THE SARATOGA TRIP

In the summer of 1843 Poe visited Saratoga in an effort to recuperate his own health, but more especially to arrange for treatment for his wife, Virginia, whose health was rapidly failing.

"In order to make this trip," said Murdock to my great-uncle, "Poe cast about him for means by which the expense of the journey might be met without crippling his already straitened circumstances. He was so far fortunate as to secure a small loan and the acceptance by a New York magazine of one of his stories submitted many months before, the fate of which he had long given up as hopeless but which now came into port unexpectedly and at a most opportune moment.

"His trip resulted in nothing satisfactory. At Saratoga he discovered that his means would not begin to warrant the moving of Virginia, if, indeed, she could weather the trip at all. His own health was not benefited, and after only a few days of discouraging inquiry he returned to Philadelphia utterly cast down in spirit over this additional disappointment, from which he was long in rallying," concluded the informant.

SOME RANDOM NOTES

At the time of the Boston meeting Poe, though very poorly clad, was scrupulously neat. He seemed to be very tired, so my great-uncle related, "as though from loss of sleep."

When he met him in New York, Peter Pease noticed a peculiar characteristic of Poe's, and this was that while walking he held his fist behind his back, rubbing the thumb slowly back and forth over the index finger. This he noticed at once, and it struck my great-uncle as being "very peculiar."

Referring to their previous talk in Boston, the Deacon said that Poe frowned at the thought of his hard experiences in that city five years back, and admitted that he felt desperate enough to "do anything except cut his throat."

Poe's biographers are in doubt as to his having gone to New York in 1831. He was certainly there according to this.

The recent death of Judge Harlow Pease, of Watertown, Wisconsin, enables me to publish these facts about Edgar Allan Poe.

It was one of my uncle's peculiarities not to allow his name to be used in connection with any published memoir. He said to me with decision: "You may print what I have told you, Theodore, after I am dead. I have no objection to that."

ON THE RECOMMENDING OF BOOKS

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

DO you know of anything good to read? . . .

Even should you be only an occasional reader of books—an intermittent dabbler in catching titles and literary color schemes—even then the occasion arises when you will be forced to answer this question. But if you be the more or less apprehensive possessor of a library of your own—with your ears up all the time listening for the approaching footsteps of some shameless borrower—then, indeed, your responsibility is acute. What you do or don't know about a particular book may determine your future relationship to some friend who—aside from his or her literary idiosyncrasies—is for the present the best friend you have.

Somebody is always asking some one at some time if he knows of a good book to read. To say the right thing, either about the right or wrong book, to either the right or wrong person, is an intellectual diversion of no mean proportions.

And the attack is as likely as not to come suddenly, when you are off your guard. You cannot parry it without a sense of evasion. Besides, you may not want to parry it. You may have sat up in bed half the night before reading a tome that makes the celebrated ride of Prince Kamar Al-Akmár on his enchanted horse seem dull in comparison. Yet even this has its dangers, for our literary enthusiasms often have to be lived down in deep humiliation.

After having been reading it the previous week with great exultation of spirit, I once remarked to a casual acquaintance that the Confessions of St. Augustine was one of the greatest books in the world; an opinion which time has failed to modify. He solemnly jotted the title in his note-book, to my immediate consternation. But it was too late to back down. The suspicion with which he afterwards came to regard me was not allayed by the reckless recommendation as "light reading" of that delightful detective thriller of Sax Rhomer's, "Dope." For my acquaintance I was thereafter a literary outcast.

Then there is the discriminating intellectual fiend who prides himself on his taste, and who feels no doubt that he is cleverly flattering you in asking you the fatal question. You are never sure of what he likes, because the thing you have declared good he straightway announces is intolerable. You wonder why he continues to consult you, and no doubt have a distinctive feeling that he is only doing it to show you up. You find yourself adding to your statement—"That is, if you feel like that kind of a book," thus hoping to get back at him by the subtle intimation that if he doesn't like it there must be something wrong with him.

And the ladies! Caught in an attack of Ibsen fever, I stated to a charming and highly domesticated specimen who talked somewhat intelligently of the modern drama—if anbody does—that the "Doll's House" was "an epoch-maker." But she returned to me later with the fundamental observation that no woman in her right mind would have done as Nora did. Another lady of simiilar proclivities asked me if "The Moon and Sixpence" was the kind of a book that one "ought" to read. In a moment of self-admired caution I said No—with the qualification that in some respects it was a great book. She got it, and reproached me with my recommendation, declaring that it was quite horrid. I have no doubt that to this day she is convinced that I am a morbid and thoroughly irresponsible critic.

It may not be out of place here, if for nothing else than to increase our efficiency, to give a list of phrases to be used by timid people when recommending books to inquiring friends:

"It is a good book, but I am bound to say that the reading of it depends upon your mood."

"You couldn't do better—that is, if your only object is to pass the time."

"Everybody is reading it. But that may not mean anything to you."

"In case you don't like it, please don't blame me."

If your friend is a chronic borrower, however, and you purposely wish to insult him, the following defensive phrases may be used as occasion warrants. But upon all other occasions they should be carefully avoided:

"I couldn't afford to spend the time reading it. But it's just the book for you!"

"It's badly written, but a good story. I'm sure you will like it."

"There's nothing to it—but you may get a lot out of it."

"It's a fascinating book for an idle hour—if you know how to skip. It ought to amuse you for a couple of days."

"You certainly ought to read it; it will give you an entirely new point of view."

"It will give you something new to talk about."

I once overheard a young woman who sat back of me at Walter Hampden's "Hamlet" declare that it was evident that Polonius didn't know his part, he repeated himself so much. But if that had been said by a well-read gentleman of fifty or more, in the right company, it would doubtless have been received with smiles. The problem, therefore, seems to depend upon one's age, one's standing, and one's company. But was it not a nice old lady at Ruskin's, in an endeavor to mitigate one of those dreadful pauses that sometimes occur even among the elect, who suddenly remarked that "the Bible was such a good book!

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

Bluestone. By Marguerite Wilkinson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Great Modern American Stories (The). Compiled and Edited by William Dean Howells. Boni & Liveright, New York.

BIOGRAPHY

Venizelos. By Richard Boardman. The De Vinne Press, New York.

WAR BOOKS

Simsadus: London. The American Navy in Europe. By John Langdon Leighton. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Spirit of Selective Service (The). By Major-General E. H. Crowder, U. S. A. The Century Company, New York.

War and the New Age (The). By Willis Mason West. Allyn & Bacon, Boston.

War, the World and Wilson (The). By George Creel. Harper & Brothers, New York.

SCIENCE

General Introduction to Psychoanalysis (A). By Prof. Sigmund Freud, LL.D. Preface by G. Stanley Hall. Boni & Liveright, New York.

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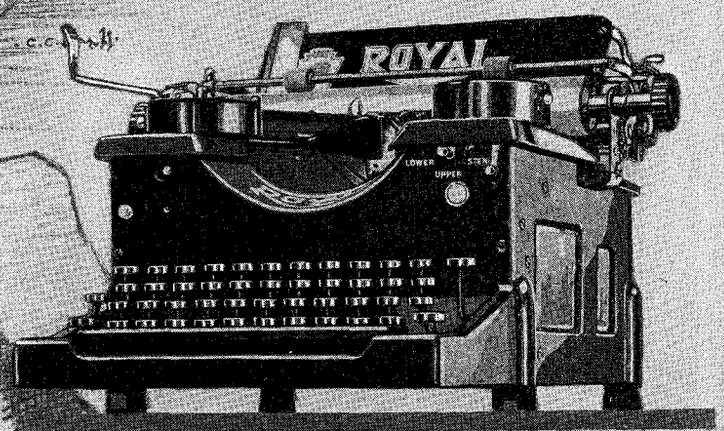

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

With this number of The Outlook Mr. Gathany resumes his weekly comments and questions upon current events.

Mr. Gathany has during July and August taken leave from his usual task in order to conduct for The Outlook a personal study of farm conditions on the North Atlantic seaboard.

Articles based upon this study will appear in subsequent issues.—THE EDITORS.

Poland

WHAT, according to the editorial on Poland, found on another page of this issue, are the aims and purposes of Bolshevist Russia and Pan-Germanist Germany?

If such are the aims and purposes of these two friendly forces, is the situation in your opinion fraught with as much danger to American liberty as The Outlook thinks it is? Under present world conditions, how could the Bolsheviki and their allies work harm to your freedom and mine?

Can you give any reasons, other than selfish ones, why Poland should be a free and independent nation?

If Poland is to be saved from the enemies of freedom and liberty, she seemingly needs more than moral and perhaps more than material support in the form of food and military supplies. What would you be willing that the United States do for Poland? Would you yourself be willing to go to Europe and fight for the freedom and independence of that country?

Is the fact that the League of Nations is not aiding Poland proof that it is a worthless piece of machinery?

In connection with this editorial you certainly ought to read the article by Major Richard S. Davis, found on pages 21–24 of this issue.

If you are interested in becoming better acquainted with the Polish question and with the Poles in history you will do well to read: "Poland and the Polish Question," by N. Hill (Stokes); "Poland: A Study in National Idealism," by M. M. Gardner (Scribners); "Poland's Case for Independence," by A. Zeleski (Dodd, Mead); "Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East," by H. A. Gibbons (Century).

The Pig and the Primary

When and how did our present primary system come into existence? Have all of the States adopted the direct primary? What is the object of the direct primary? Make clear the difference between the "closed primary" and the "open primary." What advantages and disadvantages has each? Can you tell why you prefer one to the other?

Mr. Pulsifer says "our present primary laws are as diverse as our divorce laws." What proof can you give in support of this statement?

What points in common have the various State primary systems?

How would you prove to a foreigner that our Government is a party government? Was it such originally?

Some people in our country would destroy all political parties because they believe that parties do more harm than good. Is it harmful to "disorganize the functioning of our parties"? Could a democratic government get along very well without political parties? How would you illustrate your answer?

What do you think of the plan for primary reform outlined by Mr. Pulsifer? Do you see any more flaws in it than he mentions?

What are your answers to the questions Mr. Pulsifer asks in his postscript paragraphs on page 21?

Define the following terms with great care: Caucus, primary, preferential primary, convention, electoral college, nominate, elect.

For references on this topic consult two or three of the latest text-books on American government and the book by W. H. Taft entitled "Popular Government" (Yale University Press).

Mr. Cox's Charges

For what reasons are large sums of money necessary in conducting a Presidential campaign? For what purposes can money be legitimately spent in such a campaign?

Would you set a limit on the amount of money that could be spent legitimately in an election? Explain why or why not.

Do large campaign funds tend to defeat the purpose for which they have been raised? Can you cite any cases in history that show that they do?

What evidence has Governor Cox given in support of his charge that the Republicans are raising a huge campaign fund? What responsibility should a candidate for an important public office feel for the accuracy of the statements he makes in an election campaign?

What social effect results from making unfounded charges of corruption?

Under our present laws who may contribute to campaign funds? Who are prohibited from so doing?

What interest would a corporation have in subscribing to a party fund? Have corporations ever subscribed to the funds of both leading parties at the same time? If they have done this, what purpose could they have had in doing so?

Woman Suffrage

How long has woman suffrage been a question of real public interest in the United States? Which State was the pioneer in granting suffrage to women?

Do you or do you not think those who oppose woman suffrage can be essentially democratic in point of view?

What arguments do you hear for and against woman suffrage? What is your own personal opinion of this question?

Why, in your opinion, has the West taken more enthusiastically to woman suffrage than either the South or East?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

DURAND
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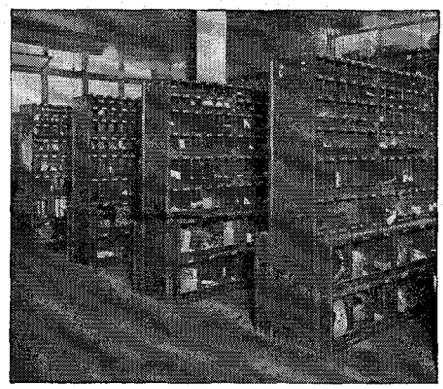

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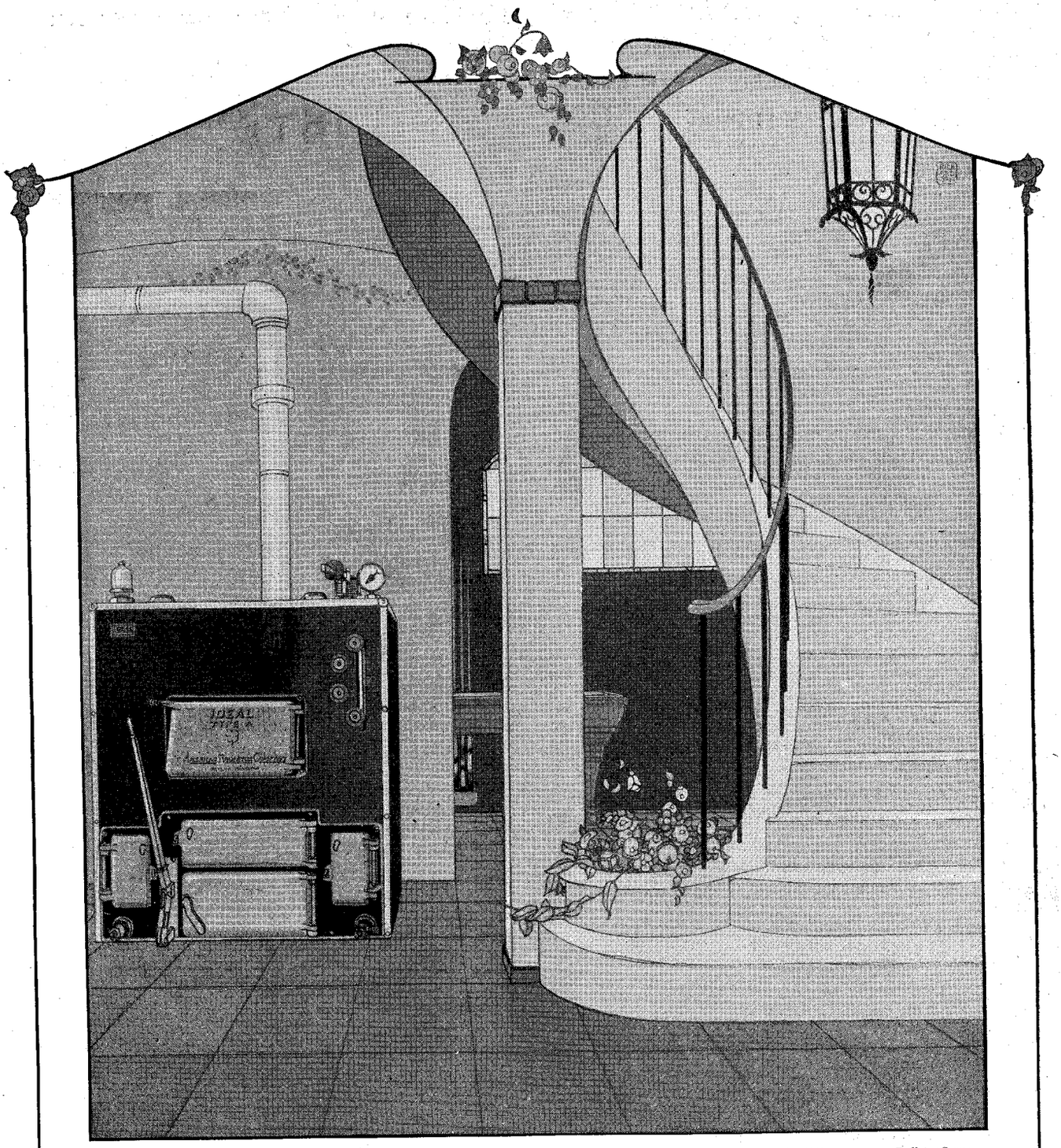

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

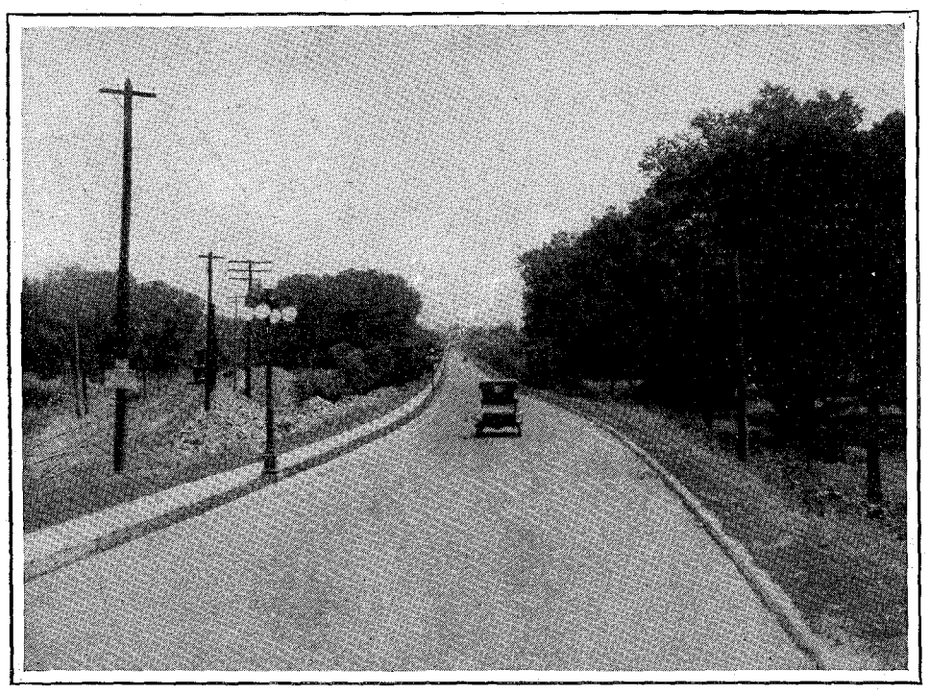
Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

TO-MORROW'S HIGHWAY AND TO-DAY'S

(The Lincoln Highway Association Reports on Its Plans and Achievements)

WILL the main-traveled highways of America be built of gravel or sheet steel in the future? Probably neither, though both have been suggested seriously to the Lincoln Highway Association, that organization having recently put the question broadly for consideration by the country in general and our highway engineers in particular, in an attempt to determine the best plan of modern road construction to carry the traffic of the coming years.

The Lincoln Highway Association believes that its latest project is a matter of National interest. In substance, it is an endeavor to develop building plans for a short section of highway which will serve as a working model for the study and inspection of all connected with and interested in the future development of the country's roads and highway transportation. The effort is dedicated to a wider interest in and understanding of America's road problem, which is a vital one at this time. This "Ideal Sections" of the Lincoln Highway will be an educational investment, privately made, for the benefit of the country as a whole.



THIS SECTION OF LINCOLN HIGHWAY CONNECTS COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, WITH OMAHA

It carries a heavy night traffic and is well lighted, wide, and paved with brick between concrete curbing. Note the sidewalk which may some day be necessary for the safety of pedestrians along main routes of heavy motor transport

The Lincoln Highway Association is working from a close study of the trend of highway development throughout the country during the past few years. It believes that its seven years' active experience in bringing the Lincoln Highway from a name and a dream in the minds of a few constructive "visionaries" to a splendid, tangible reality, Nationally known as "America's Object-Lesson Road," especially qualifies it to carry on this work.

The Lincoln Highway itself, leading from New York to San Francisco, is well serving its purpose as an "object-lesson road," illustrating the necessity of through, connecting, inter-State highways. The "Ideal Section" will in turn serve its purpose in a more technical sense in clearly indicating the major needs for future road-building by crystallizing on one short stretch of the transcontinental road, in the form of tangible construction, the consensus of the best thought of our foremost highway engineers.

Ten years ago the greatest obstructive influence in the way of road-building was the lack of funds. Public money was not made available for roads, at least not in anywhere near adequate amounts. Road-building was entirely a matter of local concern. It was also then hedged in and hampered by the influence of detrimental local political activity.

A new conception of our highways has come into being. The public has come to accept the original concept of the Lincoln Highway Association of broad, permanent, through connecting routes of inter-State travel, and has proved it by indicating its willingness to pay for such roads. Now there is money in abundance for this purpose in the United States. In fact, authoritative information indicates that for the present year the tremendous total of $633,000,000 is available for road-building. This fact in itself is conclusive proof of the great increase in public interest in this vitally important subject.

Not only is this huge sum available in 1920, but in the years to come literally billions of dollars will be spent in the United States for road construction. More than a billion is already voted and available for future work. It is in an effort to stimulate

"The Most-Quoted Magazine in America"

The Outlook was last month probably the most-quoted magazine in America.

No sooner had the August 18th issue appeared than newspapers began wiring us for permission to reprint the notable interview with Senator Harding on labor.

The Chicago Tribune reprinted the interview in full, featuring it in a front-page first-column position, in its issue of August 17th.

The New York Times, New York Tribune, New York Sun and Herald, Springfield Republican, Detroit Free Press, Omaha Bee, and many other leading dailies promptly passed this Outlook interview on to their readers in whole or in large part.

The aggressive timeliness of The Outlook is just one of the many characteristics that make it necessary to business executives and professional men, and that place it first on the list of many of the most careful national advertisers.

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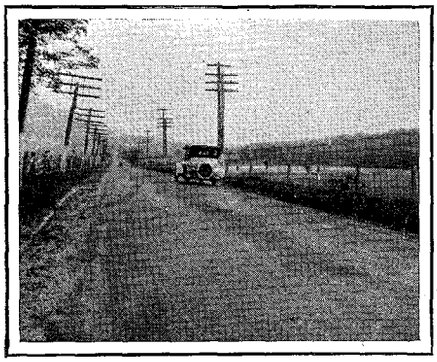
(Continued)

more interest in the proper investment of these huge funds, to aid in insuring their expenditure upon a businesslike basis, that the Lincoln Highway Association has undertaken the planning and building of its "Ideal Section" at the present time. The Association proposes an experiment designed to center public and official attention upon our highway problems by gathering all of the available ideas on the subject, sifting the good from the impossible through expert technical study, and presenting the results of this study in a section of "Ideal" Lincoln Highway placed where it can be readily seen and investigated.

The future development of automotive traffic of tremendous volume is an undisputed fact. Every thinking individual knows that the country now faces a transportation crisis with possible dire consequences. The railways have overreached their limit. They can do no more for years to come, even under the best conditions of



A SECTION OF PENNSYLVANIA'S LINCOLN HIGHWAY

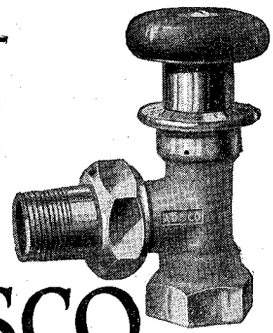
This road is macadam and under heavy travel necessitates excessive maintenance charges

rehabilitation. From the present outlook they can never do better toward an efficient short-haul transportation. In the opinion of the best students of transportation problems, the solution lies in the development of the public highways which will serve the rapidly moving, efficient motor truck as well as the increasing volume of passenger vehicles, and serve them at a "per year per mile" cost that is within reason, considering both interest on the investment and cost of maintenance.

What type of road will be necessary to carry this traffic most efficiently, and how far are we justified in anticipating future traffic developments in present construction? It is not laying down any rules and telling the country what it will need and must have. It is leaving the question open for consultation on the part of the best technical advisers throughout the country. It is soliciting advice. It has mailed questionnaires to more than four thousand individuals whose training and experience would indicate their ability to give intelligent advice on this important subject. These have included State, county, and municipal highway and paving engineers, consulting engineers, highway officials of the United States Government and Army, professors of highway engineering in the leading universities, and others.

The answers given by all these individuals are being charted, and from the data thus classified a competent committee will make a selection and place the seal of their approval upon the final plans.

The committee, the personnel of which will be of National reputation, will de-



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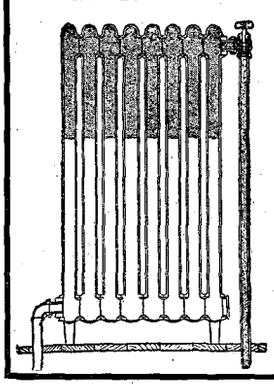
STEAM ABOVE— AIR BELOW



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TO-MORROW'S HIGHWAY AND TO-DAY'S
(*Continued*)

termine the advisable width of the right-of-way, width and thickness of paving, specifications for drainage, shoulders, and other engineering needs. This plan also includes beautification as suggested by the best landscape architects, lighting to facilitate night travel, and possibly other improvements, such as adjacent camp-grounds or a model tourist inn.

It is not to be thought that the "Ideal Section" of the Lincoln Highway can be followed as a set example in road-building in every part of the United States. A standard model, even for main highways carrying heavy traffic in every part of the country, is obviously impractical owing to existing differences in climatic conditions, grades, subsoil, and the proximity of building materials, etc. Nor can it be anticipated that the volume of traffic will be equally distributed, thus warranting the same high type of construction at all points. But the "Ideal Section" can and will stand as an example of the best and most advanced thought of the present. It will go far toward centering consideration upon this important subject in its broader aspect and in presenting and suggesting basic principles of design applicable with modifications under widely varying conditions.

So much for the Association's plans for the future, but many readers will ask, "What of the present conditions of this great highway spanning eleven States between New York and San Francisco?"

The Lincoln Highway to-day as permanently defined and connected in its entirety extends without a gap from Forty-second Street and Broadway, New York City, to Golden Gate. In the past five years millions of dollars have been expended in its improvement, yet it must not be taken for granted that it is to-day in any sense a finished and perfected boulevard. Far from it.

Excepting for a very few miles all of the Lincoln Highway from the eastern terminus to the Missouri River is improved road. Upon this stretch through the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, an extensive building programme is under way this year, and the detours necessitated by this work form the most irksome part of the drive.

But three years ago the New Jersey and Pennsylvania sections of the Lincoln Highway were well-kept scenic boulevards, macadam paved and perfectly maintained. The surprising and tremendous development of motor-truck travel which centered upon and still taxes this section of the Highway proved too great a burden for this type of surfacing; the road could not stand the burden. It gave way. Every effort, however, is made to keep the Highway open to travel by the most practical means of maintenance, and the road is largely being rebuilt with more durable material, planned to carry and care for traffic of all descriptions for the present and in the future.

Like conditions, although to a lesser degree, exist in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The amount of new construction under way in these States upon the Lincoln Highway will surprise and impress even the least interested of those who travel this route by motor car.

A great expanse of constructive improvement is to be observed by the traveler as he continues westward across the great grain-producing States of Iowa and Nebraska. But from the Mississippi River west to the coast, with the exception of California, the permanent hard-surfaced road has not as yet fully come into its own. However, the ice is broken, a start has been made.

Even in Iowa, long known as the muddiest of mud-road States, concrete sections of the Lincoln Highway have made their appearance. They are also to be seen in Nebraska. Much of the route in these two States is gravel, and where not otherwise improved is well graded and drained. A constant effort is necessary to keep these other than hard-surfaced sections of the Lincoln Highway in condition for travel, but as a very real interest in the road exists in the communities along the route, the work is done and done well.

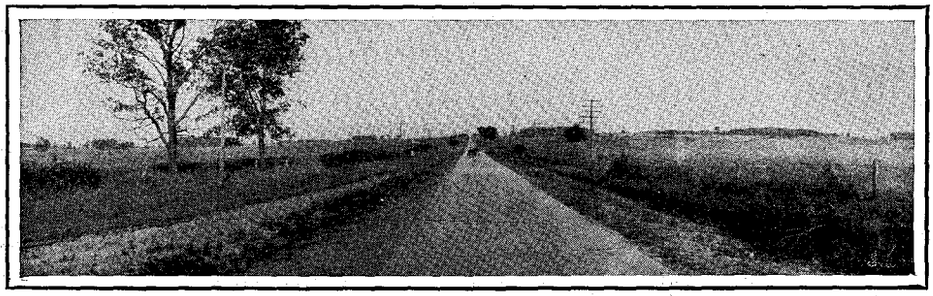
Evidence of highway betterment is to be observed all across Wyoming. No terrors to the motorist are presented in Utah, where the desert country is first encountered. Though not as yet completed, the Goodyear cut-off across the lower arm of the Great Salt Lake Desert is open for travel and offers a material saving in mileage, eliminating what has heretofore been the worst section of the Lincoln Highway between the two coasts.

At various points in Nevada road work is under construction, much of this being directly financed through the Lincoln Highway Association with funds contributed for this purpose to assist where local means are in no sense adequate.

California's boulevards are the delightful promise at the end of the transcontinental run.

Is this road being used by transcontinental tourists? There is every evidence of its rapidly increasing utilization.

Reports even as early as June to the Lincoln Highway Association in Detroit revealed that more than one thousand tourisst passed through Salt Lake City, Utah, in the first twelve days of that month, that seventy-five cars took on supplies at Evanston, Wyoming, on the Lincoln Highway, in one day. Similar reports come from all along the line.



HOW INDIANA IS BUILDING FOR PERMANENCY

Note the wide right of way between the fences, and that the eighteen-foot paving is placed far over to the right, allowing room to the left for a doubling of the paving width when growing traffic necessitates

To Readers of
The Outlook

The Outlook is anxious to secure for republication the most representative cartoons. We want the cartoons which appeal to our readers as vital expressions of popular movements and public opinion. Won't you help us in our effort to secure such cartoons by cutting out the strongest drawings of cartoonists in your local papers and pasting one of the attached coupons on the back of each clipping? Then send your selection to the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook.

The Outlook is equally anxious to secure unusual news photographs; photographs which cannot be secured from the commercial photographers. If you have any photographs of local objects or events which appeal to you as of more than local interest, we hope you, as a friend and reader of The Outlook, will send them along to the Photograph Editor of The Outlook. Fill out and attach a coupon to the back of each photograph you desire to submit.

As an experiment we propose publishing these photograph and cartoon coupons in successive issues of The Outlook for a period of some weeks. No cartoons or photographs will be considered which are sent to us otherwise than in accordance with this notice. We are forced to make this a rigid rule as only by this method can we assure to our readers and friends that their photographs will be properly cared for and their cartoons given attention in the order of their arrival. We will pay for such cartoons and photographs as we use in accordance with the agreements printed on the coupons.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK,
381 Fourth Ave., New York City

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the

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The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay $3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and $5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. Enclosed herewith is a brief account of the object or event depicted in the attached photograph, which The Outlook is at liberty to use as it sees fit. My name and address are as follows:

Name.....

Address.....

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ACCEPTING THINGS AS THEY ARE

Far be it from us to advocate an Oriental spirit of fatalism with regard to the injustices and misfortunes of life. Civilization would have gotten nowhere if it had always acted on the principle of *laissez faire*, or "let well enough alone." But we sometimes wonder if modern society, at any rate modern American society, has not gone to the other extreme and tried by denunciatory methods to reform things instantly that it does not like.

The First Presbyterian Church of Goshen, New York, recently celebrated its bicentennial. On that occasion Mr. Joseph W. Gott made an address, recounting the history of the church, in which he told a story of one of its pastors of the early part of the last century, Dr. Robert McCartee, which illustrates the common sense and the value of accepting certain catastrophes with equanimity. Here is the story as Mr. Gott told it:

> In 1842 the Erie Railway extended its line from Piermont to Goshen. One day in 1843 the train on its way was halted because a freshet had washed away the track. It probably occurred in the Ramapo Valley, where we know such things have happened in more recent times. There was great indignation among the passengers, and they drew up resolutions abusing the management and the conductor, Henry Ayers. Dr. McCartee was a passenger, and the writers of the resolutions passed them to him for his signature. He read them, and said that he would sign them if the authors would let him change the phraseology slightly, and then he wrote the following amendment:
>
> "Whereas, the recent rain has fallen at a time ill-suited to our pleasure and convenience, and without consultation with us, and whereas Jack Frost, who has been imprisoned in the ground nine months, having become tired of his bondage, is trying to break loose;
>
> "Therefore, be it resolved, that we would be glad to have it otherwise."

When the good Doctor read this out loud, there was laughter, and good feeling was restored and the amendment was adopted with a cheer. After that Dr. McCartee traveled free on the Erie. He was not satisfied with such a selfish view of the case, and asked that the same privilege be extended to all pastors, and for some time all ministers enjoyed the same exemption on the Erie, and then half-fares were introduced and the system extended to other roads.

THE LINE FENCE OF NATIONS

"That it is not necessary to have a League of Nations or even a Supreme Court of the Nations in order to compel obedience to international law the Great World War has demonstrated."

The above is quoted from your reply to William Swenson in your issue of July 21, and is quite true, as we well know whose kinsmen and friends lie buried in France.

But would we call him wise who would plant his crops under a poor fence in an "open range" country, shoot his neighbor's cattle for eating his corn, and provoke a family feud which would well-nigh wipe out both families and many of the "intervening" neighbors, rather than mend his fence before planting? That is about the way we plain mountain people see the difference between the Hague regulations, under which "the Signatory Powers would have a right to intervene," and the League of Nations, which requires its members to prevent the war by building the fence beforehand. B. F. HALL.

Banners Elk, North Carolina.

But One Cent

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When you think of high food cost think also of Quaker Oats. One cent still serves a large dish of this food of foods.

Other breakfast dishes cost many times as much. Meats, eggs, and fish, for the same calory value, average nearly ten times the cost.

No price can buy a better food. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. Its fame is age-old as a body-builder and a vim-food.

Quaker Oats, whatever they cost, would be the proper breakfast. It is wise for everyone to start the day on oats. But the cost is a trifle. It means not only better feeding but a vastly lower food cost.

Quaker Oats should be your basic breakfast. It was always important, but never so much as now.

Cost Per 1,000 Calories

Quaker Oats	6½c
Average meats	45c
Average fish	50c
Hen's eggs	60c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

Saves 35c a meal

Note the cost per calory of some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing. The needed breakfast calories in Quaker Oats will cost the average family about 35 cents less than they cost in meat foods. The calory is the energy unit used to measure food value.

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Serve the finest oat dish you can get. It costs no extra price. Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. So this brand is famed the world over for delightful flavor.

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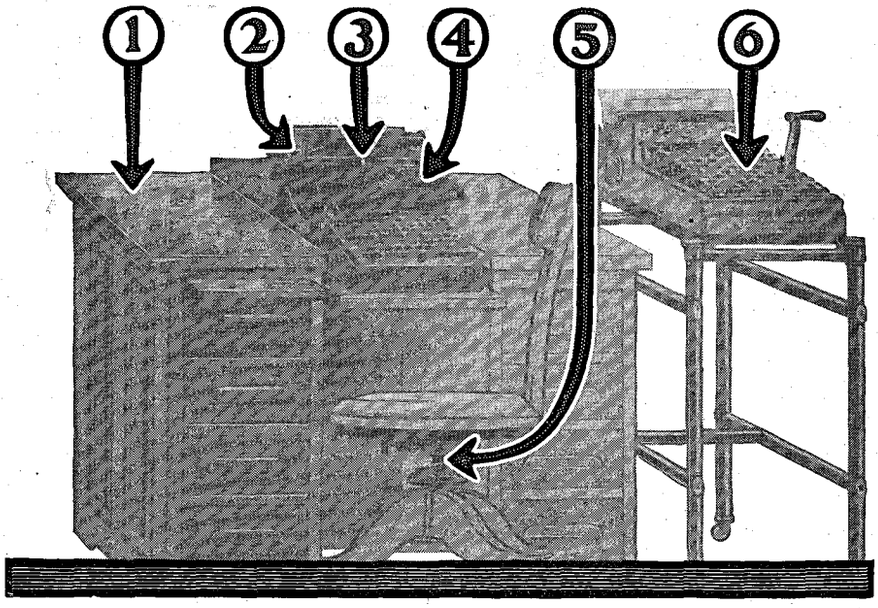

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Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

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THEFT IS THEFT

[In The Outlook for July 28, 1920, appeared a By the Way note describing a transcontinental tour of four young men. These men boasted of the ease with which they "lived off the land" on the way across by "borrowing" food from farmers.

Doubtless we might have taken occasion to point out the resemblance of such a practice as this to plain theft of a particularly mean variety. We left our readers, however, to draw their own conclusion, which some of them have promptly done. We publish below quotations from two letters commenting on this By the Way note and another which strongly corroborates our editorial "You Poor Hick," in which, as some of our readers may remember, we hit as hard as we could the tribe of auto picnickers and trespassers who steal and trespass and destroy with utter disregard for the rights of farm owners.—THE EDITORS.]

I—WANTED: A "NO BORROWING" CAMPAIGN

In reading about cheap Ford trips in a recent issue of The Outlook, I am sorry to hear of the pride taken in the fruit, etc., "borrowed" from along the way. I hope myself to take such a trip some day as economically as possible, but the residents by the way need fear no "borrowing" from our party. We farmers sincerely wish that city residents could understand that it is not borrowing any more than any one going into a city home and helping himself to anything one wanted. We suffer from nut and apple *thieves*, not borrowers; they are taking things that are part of our living. We have come home on a Sunday ride and found bushels of walnuts borrowed never to be returned, peach trees picked bare of fruit not yet fit for market, new garden peas stripped from the vines, and so on down the list. And all farmers have the same complaint. How long is it to continue? If our city visitors would only offer to buy it, we would sell at a very low price when they do their own gathering, but they make us no such offer. They complain of the high cost of living. It is one of the contributing factors. I thank you, and wish that your paper and others would take up a "No Borrowing" campaign.

Staatsburg, New York. R. S. H.

II—WHY NOT STEAL TIRES TOO?

In the issue of The Outlook dated July 28 of the present year I found, in the third paragraph under By the Way, a quotation from a Portland, Oregon, correspondent which started my wrath. The young man evidently is very proud of the fact that he and his friends spent such a small sum for food while making their journey. Many of the farmers who remain at home raising food for that same type of men to "borrow" could tour the States quite as inexpensively as your four friends if they saw fit to "borrow" the essentials for such a trip. The young man does not mention having stolen—for that is the correct word to use—oil, gasoline, or automobile parts. Let him try that and see what happens. His offense is none the less when he steals from the farmer.

I think that it is high time that the public awoke to the fact that farm produce belongs, absolutely, to the man who raises it. Apples, pears, cherries, plums, garden stuff have been, and still are, considered public property by the thoughtless automobilist. I know whereof I speak. We are

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farmers, and during the summer months we are subjected to endless annoyance, not only by having produce stolen which is near the highway, but also by having passers-by wade through corn and grain fields in order to get to the less convenient crops. City dwellers seem to have the erroneous idea that country property, no matter where located, is for their delight and use. A farm wife, living not far from here, found automobilists in her front yard picking her choice roses. When she remonstrated, they affected surprise at her interference and retreated in anger. An extreme case, you say. Yes, but there are too many such.

The paragraph in your publication to which I am referring may do no harm. Probably it will not. But all of us could travel *de luxe* if we saw fit to "borrow" as that quartette did.

Now that I have relieved my mind, let me say that I know that you do not approve of that sort of thing. But it is the hit hen that flutters, and we have been hit many times. I have read The Outlook for twenty years, always with the keenest interest and with the feeling that one of your basic principles is that of a square deal for all. J. P. J.

Veazie, Maine.

III—ROBBING THE PUBLIC OF ITS RIGHT TO BEAUTY

I came home from a canoe trip with my husband and three children sick at heart. I was thinking after many experiences that the average American family needed educating along the line of caring for and enjoying the most beautiful spots out of doors.

I have canoed over a big portion of the north country. I have been auto-bumming. I have camped in our National Parks, and it is one and the same story. Paper cups, tin spoons, soiled paper plates, oiled paper, newspapers—all left as litter to blow where they will, leaving not a place for the next party to eat or camp.

In Glacier National Park there are signs posted to clean up rubbish; yet all along the trails from one end to the other are remnants of lunch-boxes.

After canoeing down the beautiful St. Joe River, we camped for a number of days at Higman Park, St. Joseph, Michigan. It was a sad sight to see one party in particular at Higman Park build a fire against one of the beautiful gate pillars, which are made of Bedford stone and brick.

Picnic party after picnic party came in and the débris blew into my camp until I was disgusted. After one particular party had packed up I said to my children, "I am going to take these overdressed Americans to task." I approached them courteously and I said, "Is it possible that you are going away and leave your picnic-grounds looking like this, and leaving your papers to blow into my camp?" "Yes," they said, and laughed. I said, "Talk about vandalism—you are the best example I know. Don't come again." As they were leaving they yelled, "Just pick up the papers and build your fire."

Farmers let me roam their fields to study birds where it is thickly posted with signs "Keep Out." I treat other people's property as I would want mine treated, and I am always invited to come back.

It is the fault of every individual camper and picnicker that places of beauty are gradually being closed to the public.

Goshen, Indiana. M. H.

W. L. Douglas

THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE

$7.00 $8.00 $9.00 & $10.00 SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

The best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas

President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
167 Spark Street,
Brockton, Mass.

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When old age overtakes you will you have the consolation of having lived your life to its fullest possibilities? Will you be able to meditate upon a life of rich and varied experience, replete with happy memories?

Experience is a school from which we can never graduate. Enter it often through the door of travel that you may store up its treasures while you can. The world is calling to you. Beyond the horizon lie strange and beautiful places.

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Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

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381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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Spring and Summer Sailings. Particulars on request.
American Travel Club, Box O., Wilmington, Del.

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB TOURS AND CRUISES
Ten Tours of Luxury
ROUND THE WORLD
Sailing—Eastbound or Westbound—each month from September to January
From 5 to 9 months' duration

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Europe
Arabian Nights Africa
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Send for Booklet Desired
RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
Boston 4
New York Phila. Chicago San Francisco

BENNETT'S TRAVEL BUREAU
INDEPENDENT AMERICAN TOURS
SOUTH AMERICA
AROUND THE WORLD
506 Fifth Ave., New York

JAPAN
Are you interested in it?
If so, write to Secretary
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for 120-page Guide Book Free
When writing please mention "Outlook."

Japan-China-Philippines
Small private party, with experienced leader, will make a leisurely tour of the Orient, October to March.
HELEN G. SMITH, 132 East 19th St., New York.

Hotels and Resorts

ENGLAND

GREENE'S HOTEL
24 Gordon Street, Bloomsbury, London W. C.
Bed and breakfast 6/6, dinner 3/-.

MAINE

SEPTEMBER RESORT
THE FIRS Sunset P. O., Deer Isle, Me.
Hotel, Tents, Cottages. Center of the Penobscot Bay Resort Region.
Rates reduced for September, with special advantages of table, rooms, and recreations. Booklet. S. B. KNOWLTON.

Hotels and Resorts

MAINE

YORK CAMPS LOON LAKE, MAINE. J. Lewis York, Prop.
Famous Rangeley region heart of mountains facing lake. Log cabins, baths, open fires, central dining-room. Garage, golf near by, boating, bathing, fishing. Fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, milk. Booklet.

CONNECTICUT

Interlaken Inn, Lakeville, Conn. Only 100 miles from New York, between two lakes; fishing, boating, bathing, tennis and golf. Excellent table. Automobile parties.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PURITAN
Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world.
Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed
O'J-Costello-Mgr.

If You Are Tired or Need a Change you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than
THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
THE LESLIE
A quiet, cosy little house by the sea.
Private baths. Descriptive booklet.

WILLIAMSTOWN
BERKSHIRE HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS
THE GREYLOCK
At the Western End of the Mohawk Trail
NOW OPEN
SEND FOR COPY OF
"Williamstown the Village Beautiful"

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
12 East 31st Street
New York
Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.
Rates with Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

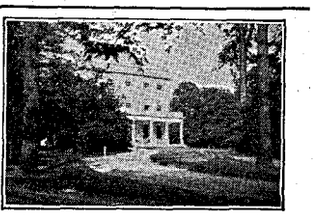
NEW YORK

FENTON HOUSE Adirondacks 18 Cottages
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars.
C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

Health Resorts

"INTERPINES"
Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Health Resorts



Sanford Hall, est. 1841
Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases
Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*
Sanford Hall Flushing New York

Crest View Sanatorium
Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects, home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

ADELAIDE HOME for incurables and elderly people requiring care. Apply NURSE, 261 Lincoln Ave., Orange, N. J.

BYRAM LAKE HEALTH FARM
MT. KISCO, N. Y.
When ill or convalescent or in need of rest or recuperation
Ideal location. Table supplied exclusively by farm produce. Outdoor gymnasium, tennis, boating, fishing, dancing, etc. Resident physician. Prospectus mailed upon request.

Dr. Vail's Sanatorium An exclusive resort in the beautiful Connecticut Valley. Massage, electricity, and baths. Golf and tennis. 3 resident physicians. Under successful management for 30 years. E. S. VAIL, M.D., Thompsonville, Ct.

The Bethesda White Plains, N. Y.
A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Country Board

WANTED Refined woman wishes four paying guests at beautiful home on Hudson during fall months. Garage room. Jersey cream and milk. Fresh vegetables and fruits. Piazzas, sun room, open fireplaces. Private bath. 2,997, Outlook.

Real Estate

CANADA

Returning from Ontario Stop Off Look in **at Barrie!**
Closing an estate. Fine house for sale or to rent, furnished, overlooking Kempenfeldt Bay, Lake Simcoe. Box 938, Barrie, Ont.

CONNECTICUT

For Sale—Conn. Shore Cottage with modern improvements. Large; north exposure; suitable for studio. Address 3,007, Outlook.

FLORIDA

FOR SALE or RENT
Completely Furnished, 8 and 4 Room Cottages, 2½ acres in grove, facing Indian River, near Rockledge. Secure now. Blair, Box 32, Cocoa, Fla.

For Sale—In Jacksonville, Fla.
Select location. Attractive house, steam heat, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, living-room, dining-room, sun parlor, kitchen. Garage for 2 cars and 2 horses. $20,000. Write for terms. MARION TERRY, 44 West Tenth St., New York City.

Best Buy in Fla. 12-room bungalow worth price all. 78 acres. River front. 15-acre orange grove. 1,000 boxes fruit last crop. Price $12,000. Another good one—12-room house, 5-acre orange grove, $7,000. J. O. CROSBY, San Mateo, Fla.

NEW YORK

ISLIP, LONG ISLAND
YEAR ROUND HOME
12 rooms, 2 baths, about 4½ acres, 200 feet frontage on both Great South Bay and South Country Road. $20,000; $7,000 cash, $13,000 mortgage. HERBERT W. SMITH, Islip, N. Y.

Farms 33 States—$10 to $100 an ACRE. Stock, tools, crops often included to settle quickly. Write for big illustrated catalog. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150 B. M. Nassau St., New York City.

Real Estate

NEW JERSEY

FOR SALE
RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J.

7½ miles from New York; convenient to village and railroad. Charming stone house with 4 bedrooms and 2 baths; steam heat. Wonderful view of Palisades. Possession immediate. Very reasonable terms. For particulars address Adolph Freud, Jr., 301 Main St., Bulletin Office, Ridgefield Park, N. J.

MAINE

For Sale at Seal Harbor, Me.
Furnished cottage, with 9 rooms, bath, laundry, large piazza; and bungalow, 4 rooms, bath, kitchenette, screened sleeping-porch. Fine mtn. and sea view. Large trees. Apply to E. W. Redfield, 248 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

PENNSYLVANIA

FOR SALE—College Inn. A real bargain. Brick building, modern in every respect, ideally situated and arranged for College inn. Directly opposite rapidly growing college for women. Town and college need and will liberally support an Inn. Part time to responsible purchaser. 2,971, Outlook.

VIRGINIA

FOR RENT for winter, in a climate similar to **Hot Springs, Va.,** with mountain view, a 7-room furnished bungalow with all up to date comforts. Mrs. Chas. L. Mosby, Bedford, Va.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS. Mason sold 18 sprayers and autowashers one Saturday. Profits $2.50 each. Square deal. Particulars free. Rusler Company, Johnstown, Ohio.

INSYDE TYRES—inner armor for automobile tires; prevent punctures and blowouts; double tire mileage. Liberal profits. Details free. American Accessories Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dept. 127.

BOARD AND ROOMS

WANTED—One large room, or two rooms, in suburb of New York, very accessible, by two business women. October 1. References exchanged. 8,819, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVENTIONS wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 217, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR THE HOME

DOMESTIC SCIENCE correspondence courses. Good positions and home efficiency. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

MANUSCRIPTS

STORIES, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 325, Hannibal, Mo.

WOMEN'S GOODS

MARY MOORE hand made dresses, one to six years, are for mothers desiring something different for their little girls. If your dealer does not handle them, write direct to William Moore Co., Retail Dept., Davenport, Iowa.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WRITE photoplays: $25–$300 paid anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 438, St. Louis.

RAILWAY traffic inspectors earn from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

RELIGIOUS WORKER, man, well qualified, whole time, by Presbyterian church, suburban city. Address B, 15 Park Row, New York, Room 1,714.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5. Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

WANTED—Man and wife to take charge of cottage of 20 boys in an institution, the man to instruct a class in printing. Application should be made to Guy Morgan, Supt., Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

WANTED—Nursery governess, Protestant, for country home. Care of three children, two boys and girl, age 6¾, 4½, 3; not attending school. Must be refined and intelligent, understanding young children, have good health. Age not over 35. Must be responsible person. References required. Reply to Mrs. Eugene du Pont, Greenville, Delaware.

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ARTISTS AND SOME ARCTIC GOATS

In The Outlook, date of July 14, is a review of Rockwell Kent's book, "Wilderness." One paragraph reads as follows:

> In the other class are the drawings which are mainly concerned with portraying the life of the artist, his son, and their companion, "old man Olson," on the island, surrounded by the animals of the Arctic regions and the wild glories of the aurora borealis. It is difficult to express any preference between the shining symbolism of the one class and the human beauty of the other.

The island mentioned is called Fox Island, an unsuccessful attempt having been made at one time to establish a fox farm there. It is a mountain at the entrance of Resurrection Bay, and lies some eight or ten miles south of the town of Seward. The bay is always free from ice, and supplies can be obtained from the town. The temperature at Seward is seldom below zero, and probably differs little from that of the island. Probably the nearest approach to "animals of the Arctic regions" are the possible traces of some domestic goats shipped in from the States and at one time herded on the island by "old man Olson." The "wild glories of the aurora borealis," while strikingly beautiful here, are said by those who have lived in the far north to be but a faint reflection of the aurora borealis as seen in the Arctic regions.

"The primitive life" mentioned in the review of "Wilderness" is so common to the pioneer of Alaska that no one but an artist would ever think of retailing it.

CURTIS R. MORFORD,
Superintendent of Schools.
Seward, Alaska.

STOP THOSE DANGEROUS DRAUGHTS

—that Cause Discomfort and Ill-Health

You can't have comfort in a draughty house.

With currents of cold air sifting in around doors and windows, there can be no even distribution of heat.

Your windows and doors equipped with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips will be proof against the entrance of cold draughts and dampness. They will keep the heat in and the cold out.

You will enjoy uniform healthful heat in every room without forcing the furnace, and at the same time use less fuel—at least 20% less.

Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips are installed by Chamberlin mechanics and guaranteed for all time. Immediate service is assured through Chamberlin direct factory branches in the principal cities.

Send now for our Booklet on Weatherstripping

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO.
504 Dinan Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIPS
"THE STANDARD FOR 26 YEARS"

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

UNUSUAL opportunity for unusual woman, preferably in early thirties (Christian). Stenographer and office assistant in prominent physician's office. Requisites: energy, ambition, perfect physical health, tranquil disposition, tactful, impressive personality, discerning and logical mind—interested in matters medical and surgical—dexterity in use of English and thorough knowledge of stenography. Position is dignified. Pleasant environment, in private family and private house. Complete arrangements about October 1st. 8,851, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

HOUSE-mother wanted, $60 monthly and home; assistant house-mother, $50 monthly and home, must be good typist, September 14, in Seguin School, pupils (24) mentally backward; 10 teachers, 5 governesses employed. Also, governesses, $40 monthly, to assist in physical care and entertainment of pupils out of school hours; off duty mornings 10 to 12, afternoons 1 to 3, Saturdays and Sundays 4 consecutive hours, 1¾ days monthly. (No teaching, no household duties). Room (alone), board, laundry. Mention age, experience, church preference, references. Elsie M. Seguin, Orange, N. J.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employers and employees. Superintendents, housekeepers, matrons, governesses, secretaries, attendants, mother's helpers. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

WANTED, after Sept. 15, couple to do housework, family of two, at Chestnut Hill, Pa. Good references required. 8,772, Outlook.

WANTED—Young lady as nursery governess. Youngest child six years. Live in Baltimore. Address Mrs. Wm. F. Alexander, Bay Head, New Jersey.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHERS wanted for emergency vacancies—colleges, universities, public and private schools. Ernest Orp, Steger Building, Chicago.

WANTED at once, Protestant lady, age 35, thoroughly experienced teacher, for girl 14. Country. Good salary. Send picture and reference to Box 15, Fairville, Chester Co., Pa.

WANTED—Tutor about 25 years old, for two boys, 13 and 11. Must be healthy and fond of outdoor sports, as well as able to give regular grade work. Family expects to spend part of winter in South. Reply with full particulars. 8,824, Outlook.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

WANTED, early in September, nursery governess for three children attending school, youngest eight years old. Preference given to one capable of teaching music and French or Italian. Write, stating age, nationality, and experience, also salary desired. References required. 8,804, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED — Governess, experienced, for two girls eight years old. Fourth grade, French, music. Entire charge. Salary $60. Box 645, Warrenton, Va.

YOUNG *but experienced nursery governess* for two little girls eight and five years old. Must be capable of teaching them and willing to travel. French or English preferred. Address P. O. Box 114, St. Davids, Pa.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency. Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—An experienced nursery governess (American) for three girls, 6, 9, and 11 years old respectively, all of whom attend school during the winter. State experience, references, and salary desired. Mrs. Albert W. Putnam, Highland Road, Rye, N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED for positions at salaries up to $3,000. Special terms. Address THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

GENTLEMAN of refinement and a lifelong social and executive experience, Protestant, about forty years old, now without home or family, wishes position as resident secretary and companion with single gentleman or widower. Capable taking full charge of large estate, grounds, household, domestics, catering, traveling and business connections. 8,827, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of education wishes position as general assistant in architect's office. Studied at Mechanics' Inst. Business experience also. 8,811, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement wishes position as secretary to Presbyterian minister. Typewriting, but not stenography or bookkeeping. Best references. Sue H. Campbell, 44 Park St., North East, Pa.

WANTED — Situation as church visitor, superintendent of religious education, or pastor's helper, by middle-aged woman of large experience. 8,820, Outlook.

SECRETARY—Young woman, refined and cultured, good personality, wishes position as secretary in New York. Knowledge of stenography, typewriting, and bookkeeping. 8,844, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE secretary and community center manager desires similar position or any executive position October. E. P. Noble, Jamestown, Rhode Island.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION wanted by cultured lady, Protestant, energetic, adaptable, as useful companion to lady living in California. Would travel. References. 8,821, Outlook.

YOUNG woman with education and experience is looking for responsible position in tea room or cafeteria work. 8,818, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION wanted, first-class inn, where ability catering to boarders with home style food and comfort will be appreciated and desired. Go anywhere, but Southern resort or West *preferred. Or charge first-class* linen room. Ten seasons managing one house. Ready October first. Housekeeper, Box 564, Montrose, Pa.

WANTED—By pleasant, adaptable domestic science teacher, automobile trips with elderly man or woman or couple. 8,826, Outlook.

WANTED—By middle-aged refined woman of *English birth, position as housekeeper*, companion, or to take entire charge of small, motherless child. At liberty September 1st. References exchanged. Mrs. G. Nelson, Camp Ken-Jocketee, South Strafford, Vt.

WOMAN of refinement desires position as companion or chaperon. No objection to travel. 8,831, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged widow of noble birth would like position as chaperon to young lady. Have traveled extensively. Highest references. 8,830, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN wishes position, secretary, companion, managing housekeeper, housemother in school or institution; anywhere. Highest efficiency. Best references. 8,829, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl fond of books and outdoors desires position as companion or mother's helper. References exchanged. 8,834, Outlook.

WOMAN companion and secretary to travel abroad, or companion, secretary, and shopper for woman in New York City. 8,845, Outlook.

WANTED—For winter months, position as housekeeper in home of small family or widower by middle-aged woman of refinement who has had training and experience. 8,841, Outlook.

MAN and wife seek position of trust as caretakers, charge of institution, or traveling companions. Wife a stenographer. References. 8,838, Outlook.

LADY of culture and standing would like position as companion, chaperone, or would bring up motherless child. Has traveling and teaching experience, speaks German and French fluently. References exchanged. 8,840, Outlook.

LADY of refinement, education, and culture wishes position in Protestant American family to direct the intelligent upbringing of children and to manage household. References exchanged. 8,798, Outlook.

DOMESTIC science graduate with twenty years' experience wishes to teach domestic science or to take position where executive ability, New England training, and home economics knowledge will be useful. Write or wire B. L., 655 N. Fair Oaks, Pasadena, Calif.

AN American woman of refinement would like charge of gentleman's home. Capable of managing servants, buying supplies, arranging menus, and attending to details. Highest references. 8,787, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESS, exceptional references, experienced, wishes position with children from three to six years old. 8,850, Outlook.

WANTED, by refined and capable young woman, *position as governess, assistant in* home, or companion. Position of trust. 8,846, Outlook.

CAPABLE young woman wishes position. Teacher, musician; has done library and secretarial work. Good seamstress. Has traveled. 8,848, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, 25, practical experience, *school, hotel, desires position as assist*ant dietitian. 8,801, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED governess desires position to children over three. Speaks German, French, English. Long and best references. 8,836, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED, by experienced kindergartner, small children to board. Modern farmhouse. References. 8,814, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman will care for a few children in beautiful country home. Ideal conditions for mental and physical development. $20-$25 weekly. 8,828, Outlook.

WANTED—Experienced person who will take normal healthy girl baby, under 1 year old, into her home and give it entire care. I will pay $30 per week, provide clothes, and pay doctor's bills. Location must be within fifty miles of New York City. Applicant must be prepared to keep her for at least two years. Reply, giving all details, 8,822, Outlook.

M. W. *Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency*, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

PROTESTANT parent wishes board, country or suburbs New York, in exchange for *chores in refined family for companionable*, ready, sturdy boy thirteen, farm experience, to attend nearby high school. 8,843, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse, now in England, would bring invalid or children to New York or Montreal. Apply Miss Irene Goodman, care Miss Edith Hardy, 85 East Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

LADY of social standing would take into her home and chaperone young lady wishing to spend the winter in New York. References exchanged. 8,839, Outlook.

CHILD lover would give intelligent care to delicate or subnormal child at her 11-acre home in pineland suburb of Miami, Fla. 8,767, Outlook.

CLERGYMAN and wife, *having comfort*able home in Florida, would assume entire charge of orphaned or motherless child, best educational advantages, for reasonable compensation. References given and required. 8,805, Outlook.

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This package contains Eno—a very agreeable aperient which has been used for over fifty years as a pleasant yet certain aid to digestion, and corrective for the organs of elimination.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

A spoonful of Eno in a glass of water makes a refreshing, bubbling drink. *It promptly gives tone to the system by removing the cause of lassitude.* The entire digestive tract is stimulated into healthful action; and headache, nausea, biliousness and nervousness quickly vanish. A bright eye—an active mind—a vigorous step—and regular habits—so characteristic of buoyant good health, follow the occasional use of Eno.

Eno can be taken anytime, anywhere, by child or adult—with perfect safety and most satisfactory results. It is sold by all druggists at $1.25 a large bottle.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, S. E., England

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. New York Toronto Sydney

YOUR WANTS

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising,
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

BY THE WAY

That was a picturesque ship-launching a few weeks ago when Mrs. William F. Cody, widow of "Buffalo Bill," christened the steel cargo-carrier Cody at the Hog Island shipyard. Mrs. Cody is seventy-seven years old, and she traveled 2,500 miles to christen the ship in honor of her noted husband and of the war work of the citizens of Cody, Wyoming.

An ill-dressed and slouchy man, so a writer in "Harper's Monthly" says, entered a haberdasher's shop in Kansas City and demanded silk shirts. The salesman showed some at twelve dollars each. "Are those the best you have?" The haberdasher coughed and finally admitted that he had a line at fifteen dollars. The customer took three, and drew out a crisp fifty-dollar bill. The salesman thought of the change. "Perhaps you would like some collars too?" he suggested. The suggestion met with an instant negative: "I have never worn a collar in my life, and I don't intend starting in now."

On Johnny's first day at school, says the "Argonaut," he was given a registration card on which his mother was to write his birth record. The following day he arrived without the registration slip. "Johnny," said the teacher, "you must bring an excuse for being tardy, and don't forget the slip about when you were born." All out of breath, the next day Johnny rushed in, holding a note from his mother. "Teacher," he gasped, "I brought the excuse for being tardy, but I forgot the one for being born."

The Trans-Siberian Railway, an article in the "Railway Age" states, stretches over the most tremendous country in the world and is constructed in fitting style. "Nearly all of it is double track in effect. We saw hundreds of station-houses in Siberia, and not one of them but pleased the eye with its symmetry, convenience, and cheerful color." The damage done by the Bolsheviki, the writer declares, was only temporary. "It takes a good deal of dynamite to bring down a steel bridge of solid Russian construction," he says. The running schedule is slow. "Russian trains are run on the staff system. The steel staff, maybe two feet long, is the engineer's authority to proceed, and it is released in each station through an electrical device by the station-master at the stop ahead."

Italy is trying to attract foreign tourists again, and has formed a society, the Ente Nazionale per Industrie Turistiche (National Bureau for Tourist Industries), to foster and develop pleasure travel. This organization announces that foreign visitors motoring in Italy may now obtain 200 kilograms (50 gallons) of gasoline a month—not a very large amount, but sufficient for from five hundred to a thousand miles' travel, and that means enough to see some of the most wonderful sights of the world.

Another plan for seeing strange sights comes from France, in the announcement of the Compagnie Latécoère. This aerial line will take you from Toulouse, at 8:30 A.M., over the Pyrenees to Barcelona, Spain, by lunch time. Next day you lunch at Malaga, then fly across the Mediterranean to Tangiers. Then you sail above the Atlas Mountains to far-away Rabat, a green oasis of the Sahara, or even to Fez,

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where it is said the company has opened the Grand Vizier's palace as a hotel. These are indeed the days of the magic carpet and the seven-league boots to those who fear not adventure in the air!

"Have you any cooks on hand?" asks the housekeeper, as reported in the Louisville "Courier-Journal." "Six in the anteroom." "Ask 'em to look me over and see if there is anybody here I might suit."

You can't fool a smart American. Cornelius Husk, on his first visit to the seaside, says a paragrapher, went down to the beach at low tide, and saw a big fishing smack lying high and dry on the mud flats. "Hey, mister," he said to a fisherman, "how do you get that big boat down to the water?" "We don't take the boat down to the water, mate," said the fisherman. "The water comes up to the boat." Cornelius Husk gave a harsh laugh. "Say, mister," he said, "I may be from the country, but I ain't goin' to swaller that."

From the London "Morning Post:"

A French boy in an English school wrote "too" when it should have been "to." His master was pleased to be sarcastic, and said (we can only represent it arithmetically): "There are three 2's in the English language. Write that out twenty times and then perhaps you will remember it." After puzzling for a while the boy asked how it was to be done, and the master had to admit that he was bowled out. It is one of the few English sentences which cannot be written.

Life insurance policies of over a million dollars are not uncommon now, according to a daily paper. In Chicago alone several men carry policies of that amount or more. In one recent instance the president of a big Chicago company had his life insured for $1,250,000 in favor of the company. The corporation itself will pay the premium, amounting to $62,500 per annum, it is stated. Evidently the services of this man are regarded as so exceptionally valuable that the company believes it should discount his possible loss.

From "Meggendorfer Blaetter," of Munich:

Slim Poet (to poetess of ample proportions)—"I have read your poems, Miss Flora. Do you get your ideas from experience?"

"No. They come from within."

"Then we may expect many more volumes from you?"

From "Karikaturen," Christiania, Norway (where modern methods of pedagogy have apparently not penetrated):

Friend of the Family—"You are doing better at school, my boy. Your teacher, I hear, has not beaten you once this month."

Youngster—"No. Teacher has rheumatics."

From "Lustige Blaetter," of Berlin:

Burglar (to terrorized young girl)—"I mean no harm, miss! I've only come to rob the house!"

The worship of pedigree and title is satirized by a writer on "Snobocracy" in this anecdote of the conversation of two women of fashion: "I come from a very old family," said the first; "one of my ancestors was beheaded during the reign of Henry the Eighth." "How perfectly lovely!" sighed the other.

One chance in three you're eating wrong

Enough food, probably, but not enough of the right kind. Are you getting these vital elements?

THIS morning someone probably greeted you with the old familiar question "How are you?"—and you said, "Oh, all right." Most folks say "All right."

But did you really mean it? *Are* you feeling right up to the mark—*all* right? Or do you sometimes feel that the pace is telling on you; that a "rest" is what you need?

If the truth were known a lot of us would show up below par. Our vital reserves aren't what they should be.

Experts in nutrition say that right here in America one person in every three—rich and poor alike—suffers from malnutrition without realizing it.

In the three square meals you and your family get each day there's enough food probably, but very likely there's *not* enough of the right kind.

If you lack vitality; if a child of yours doesn't seem to thrive, the chances are you're not getting a sufficient supply of certain food elements.

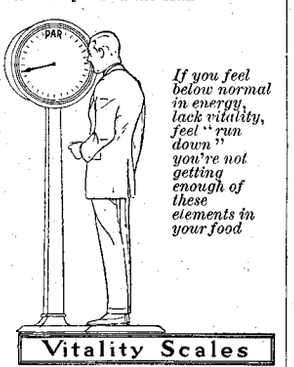
The 16 vital elements

Sixteen natural food elements (as shown in the panel) are needed to keep the body strong and well. All of these are vital elements.

The sixteen vital elements of nutrition

Oxygen	Sodium
Hydrogen	Chlorin
Nitrogen	Fluorin
Carbon	Silicon
Sulphur	Manganese
Magnesium	Potassium
Phosphorus	Iron
Calcium	Iodine

Each grain of wheat contains all of these 16 vital elements, *but 12 of them are largely lost* in the removal of the six outer layers of the grain, commonly called the bran



If you feel below normal in energy, lack vitality, feel "run down" you're not getting enough of these elements in your food

Nature provides them in the wheat grain more nearly in the proper proportion than in any other food, save possibly milk.

But many of the most important of these elements are lost in modern methods of wheat preparation, through removal of the six outer layers of the kernel, commonly called the bran. The iron, for instance, which makes red blood to carry the life-giving oxygen to every cell. The phosphorus without which, a scientist said, there could be no thoughts.

And the calcium upon which the development of the whole bone framework of our bodies largely depends.

Only in the entire wheat grain can *all* of the needed elements be secured—the proteids, the carbohydrates, the fats, and these vital mineral elements.

The 16-vital-elements food

Thousands now draw from Nature's larder these sixteen vital elements in Pettijohn's, a whole wheat breakfast food of rich and gratifying taste.

Its steaming fragrance awakes sluggish appetites in old and yonng alike. Its natural nut-like flavor will delight you and your children.

With cream and a bit of sugar, if you wish, it makes a vital energy ration of particularly luscious flavor.

Try Pettijohn's if you're feeling below your normal in energy and vim. Give its natural bran laxative a chance to set you right, as nature intended you should be. Give its sixteen vital elements a chance to renew your strength.

Let your children have Pettijohn's. Their bodies crave the food elements it supplies.

Your grocer has Pettijohn's—or will gladly get it for you Make tomorrow's breakfast of this sixteen-vital-elements food.

Made by the Quaker Oats Co., 1626-K-1 Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, U. S. A.

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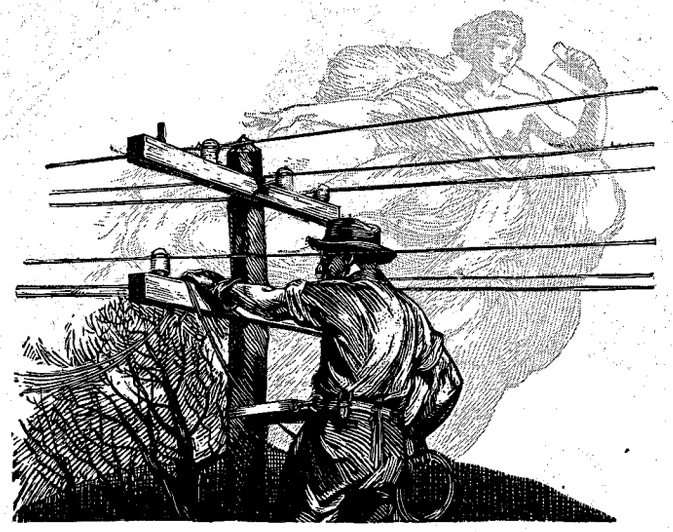

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BONDS - PREFERRED STOCKS - ACCEPTANCES

FLOWERS TO THE LIVING

In November Mr. Harding will be elected. We shall then have only a few more months of government by "idealism" instead of by the people.

Mr. Harding is going to make us a fine President, safe and sane, and all that, and all the "rationalists" of the country are going to stand by and elect him.

But there is in this country a very large number of people—rich and poor, men and women—who wanted General Wood to be our next President. The large campaign fund was only one expression of an almost National desire to put a loved and trusted servant of the people in our highest office, not so much as a reward for services well done, but as an expression of our trust in him above all others—trust in his honesty, trust in his judgment, trust in his great patriotism.

We know he sacrificed every personal advantage of his position to save us from the idealistic folly of this Administration. We know that if he had been willing to close his eyes and his mouth he would have had the chief command of our armies in France, and many other honors would have been added in payment for his complaisance.

The women of this country will never forget the debt we owe General Wood. It was he who made the supreme effort of his life for our sons, our husbands, our fathers, and our lovers. It was we women who spoke our gratitude in that big campaign fund. It was our influence that raised it. The fund was a tribute to him, not a disgrace. We accept Nicholas Murray Butler's apology. We warn Hiram Johnson that the cave-man stuff is out of style with us, and that we *will raise another fund, a bigger one, if necessary, and put General Wood in the White House four years from now.*

That fund will be as honorable and as honorably spent as if we raised and used it to build a monument to his memory.

Theodore Roosevelt is dead; flowers to the living, I say. MABEL BONNER.

DEFLATION OF THE CURRENCY

I have read your "More Capitalists" (issue of June 23) and "You Owe the World a Living" (issue of July 7) with great satisfaction. I also generally find the editorials in The Outlook quite satisfactory. However, they set forth one principle which I cannot see their way; namely, that the currency should be deflated. After the Civil War this could not be avoided because gold and paper were not on a par. But now I can see no reason for deflation, nor any result but misery to the debtor and profit to the creditor, myself included. Instead of deflation of the currency I should pursue the following policies to remedy the high cost of living:

All manufactures should show both cost price and selling price of the manufacturer, the jobber, the wholesaler, and the retailer; for secrecy is the corner-stone of profiteering, the absolutely impassable bar between capital and labor, and, incidentally, the heaviest drag on production. Interference with price is of doubtful merit in any case. All manufactured articles should bear a label showing the materials of which they are composed. Congress should provide a law under which any body of citizens can co-operate in commerce and industry under Government supervision.

JAMES W. DOW.

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